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A SUMMER IN SPAIN.



A SUMMER IN SPAIN;

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF

A TOUR,

1835.

MADE IN THE SUMMER OF

1835.



LONDON :

SMITH, ELDER AND CO, CORNHILL,

BOOKSELLERS TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

1836.

328.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY STEWART AND CO.,
OLD BAILEY.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE absence of information as to the present state of Spain, more particularly with regard to the feelings of the people, has induced the Author to publish the following narrative.

He does not profess to treat of the institutions or political relations of the country, but merely to give a faithful account of what passed under his own observation, during a residence of three months in the country; a period too short, indeed, to make a perfect acquaint-

tance with the institutions and character of any people.

He was induced to visit Spain at that time, more from the desire of witnessing a nation shaking off the bonds of bigotry and oppression, which have so long, and so fatally weighed down its energies, than from any other consideration ; and if, in the following pages, he succeed in throwing any light on the present critical state of that interesting country, the object of their publication will be fulfilled.

January, 1836.

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A SUMMER IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

BARCELONA TO VALENCIA.

I ARRIVED at Barcelona, in the beginning of June last (1835), by the steamer from Marseilles.

There is nothing striking in the first view of the town, if we except the fortifications, which command the mouth of the harbour: these are situated on a high promontory which overlooks the town, and constitute its principal strength. The site of Barcelona itself is so level, that little can be seen from the sea, except the walls, and the roofs of the houses, which are flat, and in general painted white. Behind the town, a range of mountains, covered with verdure to their summits, extends from north to south as far as the eye can reach.

The harbour is large and commodious, though I should think exposed to the east, as the entrance is wide and unprotected. The shipping, which is considerable, consists chiefly of vessels engaged in the Mediterranean trade, and the number of small craft of every shape and denomination is astonishing. I observed every variety of the *felucca* and *rebec* species, and many others whose names were new to me.

The examination of our baggage was merely one of form; no objection was made to our books, nor were we asked whether we had anything contraband; and on leaving our passports at the gate we were allowed to proceed in search of quarters.

The entrance to the town is good; on the right stands the Custom-house, on the left the Exchange, and in the centre, opposite to the gate, the Governor's house, all of which are handsome buildings. We were immediately struck with the narrowness of the streets, the want of equipages, and the strange costumes of the peasantry; but what strikes a

stranger most, on his entering a Spanish town, is the air of perfect repose which every thing around him bears : there is no bustle in the streets, except at the hour of promenade, and every one you meet seems to have his time and his person entirely at his own disposal.

After following our guide for about ten minutes through the most confined part of the town, we emerged into the principal street. It is broad and handsome, and extends about a mile in length ; the centre is appropriated entirely to foot-passengers, and the sides to carriages, which seems rather a singular arrangement ; it is ornamented on either side by a row of poplars. We here found the hotel to which we had been recommended, and were fortunate enough to find rooms.

The *garçon* received us very coolly ; there was no ringing of bells, nor mustering of servants, nor calling for keys ; he only told us to follow him up stairs, and ushered us into our rooms. The furniture of mine consisted of a bed, a table, and a chair, and it was so dark, that I told my

conductor that he would require to bring me a light. He gravely assured me that there was not another room in the house unoccupied, and added, "What can you expect as long as there are so many friars in the town?" Whether the fellow was a wag, and insinuated that friars keep people in darkness, I know not, but I found his argument unanswerable.

Our facetious friend returned at two o'clock, and told us that the *mesa redonda*—(the Spanish table d'hôte)—was served. We accordingly dined at that early hour, which is the universal practice in Spain. Our dinner, however, was not a Spanish one, as there was little oil, and no garlic used.

The company were mostly French; there was only one Spaniard, a polite, intelligent man, whom I afterwards discovered to be a Marquis of Navarre, who had taken refuge at Barcelona. He was, of course, anxious to know from us, whether the question as to the intervention had yet been decided; and when we told him that it was generally believed that France would not

interfere, he replied, " That she certainly ought to do so, otherwise the French revolution would be acted over again in Spain." I confess I was astonished to hear that French intervention could be relished by a Spaniard, after the treatment his country has received from the *great nation*.

In the afternoon the public walk was crowded to excess. The Spanish ladies seem determined still to preserve their national dress; for, amongst all those that figured on the promenade, I only observed one bonnet, and that, I think, was worn by a Frenchwoman. The *mantilla* is certainly a most graceful head-dress, and displays the figure to infinitely more advantage than the most approved head-furniture of London or Paris, and I could not help admiring the spirit and good tact of the Catalonian *belles*, in thus resisting the temptations of fashion and novelty,—two deities which rule their blue-eyed sisters in the north. Nothing can be simpler than the Spanish female dress: it consists, besides the *mantilla*, of a plain black silk gown,

not very long,—for few require long petticoats,—and a fan. This latter I observed every one carried, and it is managed with so much skill and grace, folding and unfolding, fanning, and shaking at acquaintances, that it must form a very essential branch of their education. Much has been said about the graceful walk of the Spaniards, but not more, I think, than what is true. The pace of the *señoritas* differs alike from the measured step of my countrywomen and the tripping gait of the Parisian; in short, they walk easily, and gracefully, and naturally; but whether this art is acquired by education, or is merely the effect of small feet and unexceptionable ankles, I cannot take upon me to determine.

I also observed several peasants in the costumes of their respective provinces. The Catalonian is stout and tall, his gait careless, and he has an independent mountaineer look. His dress consists of a loose jacket, plentifully ornamented with buttons of various sorts and colours; wide trousers, fastened round his waist with a red sash, which is the receptacle for the *cuchillo*,

(knife), an article which is as essential an appendage to the men as the fan is to the women; and a white cap, which reaches half way down his back. The Andalusian is a complete contrast to the Catalan. The man I allude to rode a beautiful little grey horse, all life and mettle: his dress, consisting of a short jacket, breeches, and gaiters, wrought with curious figures, fitted close and displayed his figure, which was slender, but muscular, to the greatest advantage; he wore a *tonnish* looking piqued hat, and his small dark features, and bushy whiskers, reminded you at once of his eastern origin: I certainly never saw a more picturesque *turn-out*.

The Valencian is *sans culottes*; his dress is the simplest imaginable, consisting of a single white garment fastened round his waist, and reaching to his knees. This primitive robe, with a white cap, sandals, and a good stick, equip a Valencian for a journey of any length. Some of them, indeed, rejoice in white stockings and black garters, but a Valencian dandy is a *rara avis*. There is a proverb which says, "the men of Valencia

are women, the women nothing at all;" and when I contrasted their half-savage appearance with the smart dress and graceful bearing of the Andalusian, I felt inclined to believe it: the latter clause, however, I utterly deny.

The amusements of the evening were the opera, and a bull fight, but I could not, on the first day of my arrival in Spain, muster resolution enough to encounter that barbarous exhibition. The Catalonians are so fond of the opera, that a stranger must apply to the Governor for a ticket if he wishes a seat in a box, as it seems his Excellency always keeps some at his disposal for that purpose—a strange enough arrangement. I took the chance of a squeeze in the pit, and managed to get a place. The theatre is handsome, with open balcony and boxes, in the French fashion; these were filled with well-dressed people, and the performance,——Anna Bolena,—was equal, I think, to that of any of the second-rate theatres in Italy.

Supper is a necessary evil in a country where people dine at two. It consists of boiled eggs,

fish, and cutlets. The wine is sweet and heavy, and therefore very disagreeable in warm weather.

Since the loss of South America, whence Cadiz derived her prosperity, Barcelona has become the first commercial town in Spain. The streets, though very narrow, are kept well paved, and the number of well-dressed people in the streets, and the gay shops, bespeak an industrious population. There is, indeed, an air of cleanliness, and even comfort, if I may be allowed to use that word out of England, about Barcelona, which I have not seen equalled in Spain, not even at Madrid. There are no *lions* in the town. This, I felt a grateful relief, after being victimized for eight months in Italy, for I know no occupation so tiresome as sight-seeing. The interior of the churches is, in general, dark and gloomy, a fault which I have remarked almost every where in Spain, and which induced me to believe that they were intentionally built so, in order to give the ceremonies a more solemn and imposing effect. The numberless saints and saintesses of wood, wax, and stone,

which covered the walls of these edifices, appeared to me rather out of repair, and I thought every thing about them wore an appearance of decay. On a Sunday the churches were crowded with women, but I observed comparatively few men.

I should think Barcelona one of the pleasantest places of residence in Spain; the heat of summer, which, in the south, is so oppressive, being tempered by the sea and the mountains. Even in June I felt no inconvenience from the heat. The opera is the best in Spain, and the Barcelonians print better than any of their neighbours; so that if literature and music may be taken as the standards of civilization, Barcelona must be the first town in the kingdom in that respect. The population, including the suburbs, amounts to about 120,000; in point of size, therefore, it ranks next to Madrid.

In politics the inhabitants are ultra-liberal, and I observed amongst them a more determined hatred of the monks than elsewhere. The lower orders seemed, in fact, to think about nothing

else, as they could not answer a simple question without saying something about *los frailes*. On the day of our arrival, having occasion to ask a peasant to show us the way to the principal gate, he politely insisted upon accompanying us, and observing we were strangers, he asked if we were French, for in Spain, as in England, every foreigner is looked on as a Frenchman; and on our answering that we were not, he eagerly asked if there were any friars in our country. The same day I happened to ask a person belonging to the hotel, how many soldiers there were in the town? He told me as nearly as he could, and added, "But there are more friars than soldiers." It was easy to observe from these, and similar instances, the hatred of the lower orders towards that now unfortunate body of men, a hatred which appeared only to be awaiting an opportunity to display itself. The example of Saragossa proved sufficient, and the conduct of the Urbanos* during the bloody

* The national guard, or volunteers, who, during the destruction of the convents, and the massacre of the monks, refused to act.

scenes which followed at Barcelona in August, proved that this feeling was not confined to the lower orders alone.

The direct road from Barcelona to Madrid lies through Saragossa and Aragon ; but having heard that the Diligence from Saragossa to Barcelona was robbed about once a fortnight, we determined to keep the coast, and proceed by Tarragona and Valencia. I met a person who had been robbed on his way from Saragossa a few days before. He described the process, which appears a very simple one. The Diligence was stopped in a sequestered part of the road, by about thirty armed men, who ordered the passengers to give up instantly all their money, jewels, and other valuables ; they likewise seized the linen, for shirts are rare amongst the mountains of Aragon, — but they left the rest of their baggage, and no violence was used.

After spending a few days very pleasantly at Barcelona, we started by the Diligence for Tarragona, a distance of about seventy miles.

The Spanish Diligences, next to our own *stages*, are the most pleasant conveyances I have seen : they are decidedly superior to the French, both in speed and comfort. They are drawn by eight, and sometimes ten mules, two abreast, which require three drivers to manage them. One rides one of the first pair, and acts as guide, another sits on the *box*, and holds the reins, and the third handles the whip. The duty of the latter appeared to me, to be the hardest, as he is obliged to dismount every few minutes to astonish the advanced portion of his cavalry, as no whip, however long or dexterously handled, could reach them from the driver's seat. The mules average fifteen hands in height, and are in general beautifully formed about the head and legs, which show the highest breeding ; but although they are superior to their brethren in other countries, in beauty and strength, owing to the attention paid to their breeding, they are on a perfect equality with them in other respects, viz. in laziness, cunning, and sagacity. Our road was hilly, and in

many places very narrow, but they appeared to require no management: they crossed bridges, and made the ugliest turns without seemingly any guidance except from the whip, and the voices of the muleteers, and at a pace which would be apt to startle nerves accustomed to the sickening jog of a French Diligence.

My only companion in the *coupé* was a middle-aged, intelligent-looking man, who was extremely anxious to know my country, age, and object of travelling in Spain in its then disturbed state, and he seemed quite astonished when I told him that I had no other object in view except that of gratifying my curiosity. The fact is, the Spaniards travel less themselves than any other people in Europe: this arises, partly from indolence, but more, I believe, from poverty; and thus being ungifted with locomotive propensities themselves, they cannot account for them in others. My friend, however, although, like most of his countrymen, he had never crossed the Pyrenees, seemed, nevertheless, to be quite aware of the degraded state of his country. I

asked him what he thought of the war in the north? he replied, that it might have been finished long ago, "had the queen's troops been ever commanded." I mentioned Mina, but he shook his head, saying, "He is an excellent guerilla chief, and can command two or three thousand men, but he is quite unfit to direct the operations of an army." He abused Valdez, and deservedly in my opinion, as that General laid the French frontier open to the Carlists, whence they always have derived their supplies. He appeared to think that the war could not be finished without foreign interference, and seemed to dread Zumalacarregui, but he felt deeply the degradation of his country in asking foreign assistance, especially from France. I shall not soon forget the determined tone with which he said, "We have nothing in this country, neither a government nor a constitution." Shortly afterwards some Carmelite monks passed us; when he saw them he bit his thumb nail, (a symptom of any thing but good-will amongst Spaniards),

and shook his clenched fist at them, saying, with an oath, "We must kill you first." Lest the reader may imagine that this was uttered by a fierce-looking whiskered Don, I may mention, that my fellow-traveller was a quiet decent-looking man, and uncommonly well shaved. He lived in the neighbourhood of Tarragona, and as he gave no symptoms in his conversation of being of any particular calling, I imagined he was a *proprietaire*.

The country between Barcelona and Tarragona is hilly, and covered with vineyards, but it has in general a bare appearance, from the scarcity of wood. The villages look very poor, but by no means so wretched or dirty as those of Italy. Before entering Tarragona, we passed through a triumphal arch, said to have been built by the Scipios. It is a plain massive structure, without ornament, and though it has stood two thousand years, I did not observe one stone out of its place; the corners were a little rounded with age, but it seemed as firm as on the day when it was built.

Tarragona, the Roman capital of Spain for six hundred years, is now a dull, deserted-looking town; the walls, which are of great strength, are partly ancient, and bear "the cruel marks of many a bloody field," particularly on the western side. There are several antiquities in the neighbourhood; a Roman aqueduct, said to have been erected by Trajan, still supplies the town, and there are considerable remains of an extensive building near the Barcelona gate, which our guide told us was once the palace of Augustus, "who was king of Spain many years ago."

I had no means of ascertaining the present population of the town, but I should think it cannot exceed ten thousand; its trade consists, almost entirely, in the exportation of the Catalonian wines, which, I believe, are an essential ingredient in the manufacture of English port; the bishop has a revenue of thirty-thousand dollars, (about 6,500*l*.)

We were here, for the first time, annoyed about our passports, which I have found a

source of more trouble in Spain than even in Austrian Italy. I do not complain of the strictness of the police; with that a stranger has nothing to do; but of its irregularity. In Spain there appears to be no regular system; every town has different regulations, and the powers of the police-superintendent and governor seem to be quite despotic. We sent our passports to be seen for Valencia, but our messenger returned with them unsigned, saying, that the police would not touch them until we first presented ourselves to the Vice-Consul. As no ceremony of this kind was required at Barcelona, we went ourselves to the police, but the only *reason* given us for the difference of form was, "that such was the governor's order."

We spent a day at Tarragona, and proceeded with the courier to Valencia. We were the only passengers though the machine was "licensed to carry fifteen," and we could not help thinking that the abundance of room did not say much for the security of the roads.

Beyond Tarragona the road passes through a

very extensive and fertile valley, covered with vineyards and corn-fields. We here, for the first time, saw the primitive process of trampling out corn: the grain, almost as soon as cut, is laid down on a circular brick platform; a man stands in the centre of this, and drives round the mules, which vary in number, from two to four, according to the size of the platform; after the grain is trampled out, it is separated from the chaff by being thrown up into the air in large wooden spades, the atmosphere being at that season so very dry, that the lightest breeze is sufficient to carry off the chaff.

After passing through this valley, the road became hilly, and the country in general barren, but by no means uninteresting. On our right we had a fine range of mountainous country; the road wound close along the shore of the Mediterranean, the calm surface of which borrowed additional transparency from the cloudless sky above; the perfect solitude on all sides added to the interest of the scene, for with the exception of one or two Moorish-looking towers

perched on the summits of the more inaccessible rocks, I do not remember seeing a house for nearly twenty miles. This species of scenery, relieved only by a few wretched villages, continued till we arrived at Amposta, on the banks of the Ebro, where we remained for the night. The river is deep, muddy, and sluggish, and about two hundred yards in breadth. On the southern bank a range of Moorish towers extend up the river towards the mountains, erected probably to keep the warlike Catalans at bay. It was by crossing this stream that Hannibal declared war upon the "eternal city."

Having crossed the river in a large unwieldy boat, managed by four *sans culottes*, we made for the inn, where we were destined to sleep. We were shown into an apartment whose only furniture consisted of half a dozen couches, I cannot call them beds ; to one of these and a chair the traveller is entitled, but if he require a looking-glass, table, or any such luxury, he must carry it along with him. The girl who showed

us these quarters, asked us, whether we would sup alone, or with the courier and the people of the house, telling us at the same time, that if we supped in our own room we should pay a *peseta** each additional: we were amused at her frankness, so very different from what one meets with in the more civilized parts of Europe, and wishing to see a real Catalonian supper, we agreed to sup at the *east* end; she accordingly ushered us into the kitchen, which was by far the best apartment in the house.

Whilst the cooking was going on, we took a peep at the stable, the strangest sight about a Spanish inn: it was a long, dark building, without stalls, or divisions of any kind. The horses and mules, to the number of thirty or forty, were fastened with halters of the simplest description, and being left at perfect liberty to exercise their teeth and hoofs upon each other, a privilege of which the mules are not slow in availing themselves, it was one of the noisiest scenes I ever witnessed. The only food before

* 10*d.* sterling.

them consisted of straw of the coarsest kind ; I have no doubt, however, that this treatment renders the animals more hardy, and less liable to disease than they would be, were they accustomed to the luxury of an English stable.

But I must return to supper. Our first dish consisted of a salad plentifully oiled, (it is singular, that, north of the Pyrenees they eat this last), after which came the "olla," the national dish of Spain : it consists chiefly of vegetables, amongst which are a few pieces of meat boiled to shreds, and occasionally a bit of pork fat ; it is, however, better than it looks. Our party consisted only of the courier and three others, who all amused us by the original mode in which they drank their wine. The decanter had a long neck like an old-fashioned coffee-pot, from which they poured the liquor into their mouths, taking care that the crystal did not come in contact with the lips, which would be a breach of all manners. Some, indeed, are so expert at this, that they can hold the decanter a yard above their heads, and direct the purple stream

from that height to its destination without spilling a drop. I once tried this novel experiment, but quickly gave it up, on finding that more of the liquor found its way down the neck than the throat.

We went to bed early, and were called at sunrise, after a tolerably quiet night ; for the room was cleaner than it looked. It was, however, near five before we started, for Spaniards, like Dutchmen, are never in a hurry. We observed that our guard, which the day before consisted only of two, was now increased to four. They sat on the outside of the Diligence and were armed with muskets and bayonets ; they wore no uniform ; but appeared to be peasants of the province.

The country becomes less mountainous to the south of the Ebro : we traversed a flat plain of great extent, abounding in olives and other fruit trees ; the mountains receded towards the interior, and we lost sight of the sea for some time. After four hours' ride, we stopped at a small town to *dine*. We remonstrated with the

courier about the earliness of the hour; but he told us that we should not stop again until eight in the evening, and that we should get nothing now till that time, as there were no more inns on the road. We accordingly dined at nine o'clock. The viands consisted of soups, fish, and cutlets, and the price moderate — two *pesetas*.

We were now in the kingdom of Valencia; and the guard was here relieved by four powerful, fine-looking men. One of them in particular, in the Valencian costume, we could not help admiring: he was a middle-aged, thickset man, not above the common height, but his broad shoulders, deep chest, and Herculean limbs, which his light dress set off to the greatest advantage, gave promise of enormous strength; whilst the determined, but careless expression of his swarthy countenance, indicated, as far as outward appearance can, a character of reckless courage. He was a man after Mr. Bulwer's own heart.

The country now became wild and barren.

We seldom saw a house, except where we changed the mules, which we did on an average every sixteen miles. At the first post we made after our early dinner, we were surprised to see a number of soldiers under arms, and still more so, when we found that they were to accompany us. They were not regular troops, but volunteers of the country, who receive a franc per day for their services, like the *Chapelgorris* in the north. They wore no distinguishing uniform, every one appearing accoutred after his own fancy, and I certainly never beheld a more motley assemblage. Most of them wore open jackets, and loose trowsers, with a belt round their waists which contained their ammunition: several had shirts; but it was in the decoration of the head and feet that the taste of each was displayed. Every variety of hat and cap was to be seen amongst them, from the *Chapelgorry*, or red cap of the mountaineers, to the piqued, brigand-looking hat of Catalonia. The greater part of them wore sandals, similar to those used in the south of Italy; several of them had

shoes, and some rejoiced in yellow boots of the most theatrical appearance. These men, to the number of about twenty-five, accompanied us a post — a distance of about sixteen miles — under a scorching sun and cloudless sky; the rate at which we travelled being about six miles an hour. They did not keep close around the Diligence; some stretched away before us, and were often out of sight; others were left as far behind, whilst a few kept alongside of us, at a steady pace. Those who kept a-head, generally arrived at the post some time before us, and did not appear to have exerted themselves; the others whom we left behind dropped in one by one, and though some of the younger ones seemed sometimes out of wind, not one had the appearance of being *done*. As we examined these hardy fellows, we could not help thinking that if Don Carlos' army was composed of such materials — commanded too by Zumalacarrgui — the contest in the north must still be doubtful.

As we advanced towards the south, the sce-

nery became less and less mountainous; we lost sight of the sea; and as the country was uncultivated, and almost uninhabited, we found the presence of our escort very agreeable. Before arriving at *Castellon de la Plana*, we overtook, and passed, an extraordinary cavalcade, which threw us back at once to the chivalrous times of the hero of *La Mancha*. It consisted of a large wagon drawn by six horses; the postillions had their belts stuck full of pistols, and a number of men well mounted, and armed with pistols, swords, &c. accompanied it. Three or four gigs, filled with women and children, brought up the rear. I suspected, from the profuse display of arms, and the theatrical dresses of some of the men, that it was a Thespian company,—vulgarly called a gang of strolling players,—and I was nearly right: they proved to be a party of French equestrians, who astonished the Valencians with their feats for several months.

We were quite ready for supper when we arrived at *Castellon*, but unluckily it was not

ready for us, as no guests were expected. After waiting for about two hours, they brought us some boiled eggs and fish, which — as we had tasted nothing since our nine o'clock dinner, and it was now ten — were very soon dispatched.

Castellon is a considerable town, and sends a *procurador* to the Cortes. We left it immediately after supper, and in spite of the beauty of the night, and the softness of the air, were both in a few minutes fast asleep. In this enviable state we continued, until we were awake next morning at five, by the courier, saying, as he opened the door of the Diligence, “Gracios a Dios, señores estamos in Valencia.”

CHAPTER II.

VALENCIA.

VALENCIA is situated about two miles from the sea, in an extensive plain, which, from its extreme fertility, is justly called "The Garden of Spain." It extends about thirty miles in length by twenty in breadth, and is bounded towards the west and south by a range of mountains. Its productions are, fruit, silk, and every species of grain, including rice, which is of course watered by artificial means; and the soil is so very rich that in many places, three, and even four crops are taken annually. The appearance of this valley, arrayed in the gorgeous colours of summer, and under a brilliant sky, it is impossible to describe; the richest parts of Lombardy and Tuscany can give no idea of it. The eye becomes absolutely fatigued with the

brightness of its colours, and the unchanging clearness of the atmosphere.

The land is cultivated in small portions, and chiefly by manual labour, and the cottages of the peasantry are remarkably neat and clean-looking, being generally painted white, and thatched. Many of these people make their livelihood by rearing silkworms — an employment attended with little labour, and certain profit.

The town itself is unfortified ; but surrounded with a high wall, which incloses a population of upwards of sixty thousand, and twenty-two convents ; there are, however, nearly as many of these establishments without the walls. As there is no leading street in the town, it is almost impossible for a stranger to find his way ; the narrow alleys — for I cannot call them streets — which branch off in all directions, are so like, that it is impossible to distinguish them. Valencia is, in short, the most confused town I ever saw ; for although I spent a month there, I never yet found the direct road from my lodgings to the theatre.

I, however, fell upon an expedient whereby I contrived to navigate myself with some degree of precision. Almost every shop has a painting of its patron saint suspended at the door; and by remembering a few of the most striking of these, I established landmarks in the principal parts of the town. I was several times obliged to St. Martin—the generous saint who divides his cloak with the beggars: he is represented in a central part of the town, in the old cavalier dress, splendidly mounted and attired, dealing out cloaks to a host of naked beggars who surround his horse. From St. Martin I could easily find my way to the market-place. Another picture representing Michael, engaged in mortal combat with the archfiend, who was represented with horns, claws, and tail, was of great service to me.

The market-place is large, and irregularly built; the chief commodities are silk, and every species of fruit and vegetables, I believe, that the earth can produce. It is partially covered with an awning, during the heat of the day.

The Cathedral is one of the finest in Spain. It is very large, but the roof is low and the interior gloomy. Before the French made their appearance, it was very rich; but since then, the priests have discovered, that wooden saints serve their purpose as well as gold ones. The marbles which adorn the altar-pieces — and which the Franks left behind, for the same reason that the border-chief left the haystack — because it had no legs — are truly rich, and all native specimens.

We found the hotel superior to that of Barcelona. The charge was one dollar per day; which included three meals, and a tolerably decent room, furnished with an article of luxury unknown in the other parts of Spain, at least it was the only one I saw, — I mean a bell. It was designed, however, merely for ornament, or for the amusement of the guest, as no one ever thought of obeying its call; indeed all the bells in Christendom would not disturb the tranquillity of a Spanish *garçon*.

The company were all Spaniards, so that we

had, for the first time, an opportunity of hearing pure Castilian spoken ; which differs as much from the language of the provinces, as the dialects of Venice or Naples differ from the Tuscan. The conversation at table was in general political, and the poor friars were, as usual, unmercifully abused. On the day of our arrival, the person next me gave me a good deal of information as to the convents ; and when I expressed my astonishment at their number, he observed, " In this country, wherever there is plenty of bread, there are plenty of friars," (*mucho pan, muchos frailes*) ; a remark which I believe holds good every where.

Another topic was the siege of Bilboa, which Don Carlos was then carrying on. The Valencians were deeply interested in the fate of that town, as they seemed to think that if Carlos got possession of it, he would be recognized by the Czar and his satrap of Prussia ! This absurd report was raised, in all probability, by the Carlists.

The Spaniards are polite at table, I mean, they

are attentive to the wants of others ; most nations, however, have some peculiarity in eating. Frenchmen dine with their hats on ; Italians eat with their fingers ; Germans use their fork for a toothpick ; and Russians, it is said, take their sword for that purpose : but the Spaniards have a propensity which is infinitely more fanciful than any of these — they eat an egg with a knife. Now, an egg, which is the most difficult of all things to eat correctly ; even with all appliances of cup and spoon, must, to the uninitiated, appear perfectly unmanageable with a knife, and as hopeless an operation as attempting to eat peas with a two pronged fork : yet the Spaniards contrive to transfer its contents — even when approaching to the liquid state — with astonishing rapidity from the shell to the lip ; but with much apparent danger to the mouth and adjoining parts. A friend of mine told me that he was threatened with lock-jaw for a week after seeing this operation for the first time. I saw it first at Valencia, and on inquiry was told, that the egg-fancier was a

procurador of the Cortes, newly returned from Madrid. Had Mrs. Trollope been present, she would certainly have fainted. Brummell would have died on the spot.

The power of the police appears to be as unlimited, as in the most despotic countries. A few nights after our arrival, whilst we were at supper, the waiter came into the room and told one of the party, a student from Valladolid, apparently under twenty, that some one wished to see him ; he went out, but did not return ; and the landlord told us afterwards, that he had been arrested, he did not know wherefore. Two nights afterwards, a facetious old gentleman, who generally presided at table, and amused us with strange stories, disappeared in the same manner ; he was suspected of being *factious*, as the Spaniards are pleased to denominate the Carlists. There is something in our nature that revolts at the idea of irresponsible power ; the very thought that his liberty and fortune were subject to the caprice of another, would make an Englishman's blood boil ; yet

such is the force of habit, that these two arrests appeared to cause no sensation whatever amongst the Spaniards.

After remaining a week at the hotel, (as my friend now left me for the south,) I took up my quarters in a private family, to which I was introduced by the Vice-consul. My *padrona* was the widow of an employé of the government, which allowed her a small pension. Two unmarried younger sisters, and a law-student, the *amigo de casa*, who was to marry the lady of the house, on completing his studies, and a newly-caught serving wench, perfectly innocent of the vulgar acts of reading and writing, constituted the household. I found no difficulty in conforming to the customs of the house, except with regard to breakfast. That meal consists, in Spain, of a cup of chocolate, and *vilissima rerum*, a glass of cold water. To this fare, I could never reconcile myself, and after some difficulty, I succeeded in getting some tea from a druggist, for which he charged an exorbitant price. The good people of the house appeared

never to have seen this article before. The common mode of making tea in Spain, is to boil it, but they had not arrived at that perfection; the first morning, they made it with luke-warm water. The breakfast apparatus consisted of a *handleless* cup, and an iron table-spoon: teapots are almost unknown in the Peninsula, and the milk appeared to be manufactured; but I had already learned to dispense with that article of luxury. I may add, that they carefully boiled the tea ever afterwards.

One morning, shortly after I had taken up my new quarters, I was surprised by a visit from a person, who was a stranger to me. He told me that Don Fernando &c. &c., mentioning half a dozen names, wished to see me that evening, at ten o'clock. I told him that I had not the honour of any of these gentlemen's acquaintance; but he at length gave me to understand that it was the superintendent of police, who wished to honour me with an audience.

I accordingly went, at the hour he appointed,

accompanied by my landlady, who insisted on going with me, and the law-student aforesaid, who never left her. The man of office kept us waiting some time in an outer room, before he made his appearance. His manner was formal and pompous ; and he asked me rather rudely why I had not presented myself before at the police. I told him that I had received no instructions to do so, either at the gate of the town, or at the hotel ; adding, at the same time, that such was the custom, both at Tarragona and Barcelona. His only answer to this was, that I knew there was a police.

I do not know whether he thought what I had said reflected on his arrangements as superintendent, but he sat down to examine my passport in evident ill-humour ; and almost immediately objected to it, on the grounds that it was not good for Spain, as the name of that illustrious country was not mentioned in the body of it : and that, therefore, I had no permission to travel there. It was a British passport, and originally made out for Italy ; but at

Marseilles I had got it regularly signed, both by the British and Spanish consuls, so that I knew it to be perfectly good: I therefore told him, that we did not require the permission of our government to travel. I asked him, if the passport was incorrect, why it had not been objected to at Barcelona; and I requested him to tell me whether he meant to detain it, as in that case I should instantly appeal to the embassy at Madrid. By this time he had discovered the signature of the Spanish consul at Marseilles, (for I allowed him to seek for it,) and he retired into another room, where some of his coadjutors were sitting. After a few minutes' conversation with them, he came back, and delivered me my passport; telling me that I might remain in Valencia as long as I pleased, with an air of condescension, which I could scarce expect from a man who rejoiced in such a multitude of names. During this scene, my poor landlady looked in the most bewildered manner from the one to the other; for, as the conversation was in French, she did not understand one word of

what we said ; and both she and her *amante* appeared overjoyed, when we were fairly out of the precincts of the police, which office appears to be held in great dread by the Valencians.

During my stay of a month in Valencia, there were no less than five holidays, (*dias de festa*,) during which, all business stood still. The first of these was in honour of St. Martin, the patron of the city, and the procession was certainly the most absurd exhibition I ever witnessed. Not only was the figure of the saint paraded about, but a man representing his saintship in person, in the cavalier dress, with jingling spurs, and a magnificent plume of feathers, and bearded to the eyes, marched solemnly along, in the centre of the procession. He wore a velvet cloak of extraordinary dimensions, which he extended in his left hand, as if offering it to any one who would accept it ; and in his right he carried a drawn sword, raised, and seemingly ready to strike. Whether he was meant as an emblem of the charity of the Roman church, to wit, that she would slay all

who refused her protection, I know not ; but I found great difficulty in preserving my gravity, when this magnificent champion passed.

Wax must be cheap in Valencia, if we may judge by the enormous size of the candles carried in these processions. They are at least ten feet high, and thick in proportion. About a dozen of these are carried in the front of every procession, and each of them seems a sufficient burden for one man. Each candle rests in a socket, attached to the knee of its carrier, and it is besides fastened by a belt round his waist, so that he has quite the appearance of being lashed to the candle, instead of it being tied to him.

One of these holidays was in honour of St. John ; and in the procession, the principal events in the life of the saint were represented. In the first part of the procession there came a child, apparently five or six years old, dressed in white, leading a lamb, and carrying a small cross ; afterwards appeared a man, dressed in the skins of wild beasts, to represent the saint in

the wilderness; and lastly, came a person with a hideous mask, carrying a head and a drawn sword,—meant, I suppose, for the executioner.

On another of these *dias de festa*, I observed a crowd collected round a tower, about twenty feet high, which stood nearly opposite to my lodgings. I had often wondered what this strange-looking building contained, and as I observed from my window that the door was on that day thrown open, and lamps burning before it, I sallied out to gratify my curiosity. I found, to my astonishment, that the mysterious building was occupied by a colossal figure about fourteen feet high. It was attired in a green coat, red breeches, and yellow boots, and the hat was adorned with a splendid white plume. The countenance, in Ireland, would be termed open, as the mouth was about half a foot wide, and the ludicrous expression thereof I cannot describe. This figure was meant for St. Joseph.

I observed, however, that these processions were not received with the same blind reverence

as in Italy, Even when the *host* was carried past, many of the men did not kneel, and several kept on their hats. There is, indeed, as may be expected from the absurdity of these ceremonies, no medium in Spain, as far as my observation goes, betwixt the grossest superstition, and open infidelity. Every one who has any acquaintance with the peasantry of Italy and Spain, must have observed that the objects of their adoration are the actual pictures, statues, and relics, not the saints whom it is said these represent; they are therefore idolaters in the true sense of the word; for if we apply that term to the ancients for worshipping those perfect productions of art, which even now cannot be looked on without a feeling approaching to veneration, we may certainly apply it to those who worship with much greater prostration of mind, a relic or a block of painted wood.

The *intention* of these frequent holidays, is to keep alive in the minds of the lower orders,—for they are laughed at by all intelligent men,—their blind reverence for saints and relics; and for

this purpose the church employs all its pride and pomp. Their *tendency* is to perpetuate ignorance and idleness, by instilling into the minds of the people a love of vain, unmeaning shows; and, politically speaking, they act as a serious tax upon the industry of the country, as all business is suspended on these days, except the ringing of bells.

It may be guessed from all this, that the Valencians are not the most industrious people in the world. As to this, I can speak from experience. A few days after my arrival in the town, I ordered a pair of shoes from a man who promised faithfully to have them finished in two days: a week passed away, and they never made their appearance. After attempting in vain to find my way back to the shop through the labyrinth of narrow streets, I went to another artificer: this man was leaning over the door of his shop, without coat or waistcoat, the perfect picture of idleness; I saluted him, (for the Spaniards can do nothing without talking,) and told him my errand; he shook his head

gravely, and said he could not make any thing for me at present, as he was very busy. The serious air with which he said *mucho trabajo* (a great deal of work) was perfectly ludicrous, as he was the only person in the shop.

I went to a *third* shoemaker, who politely promised to furnish me, but never thought proper to make the article contracted for. My patience was now exhausted, and I returned to his shop, to have at least the satisfaction of "blowing up" him, and his whole fraternity; but I was frustrated in my laudable purpose, as I found no one in the shop except his wife, who, like other Spanish wives, knew nothing of the movements of her husband. My landlady, however, promised to send a person who would supply my wants; but *he* never made his appearance. Thus, in the capital of the ancient kingdom of Valencia, with a population of 63,000 odd, I could, neither for love nor money, get a pair of shoes. I did succeed in getting a pair at Madrid, from a Frenchman.

I was more fortunate with my tailor, who,

by an extraordinary exertion of industry, made me some articles in the course of a fortnight. When I paid his bill, I ventured to ask him why he had kept me waiting so long, (for he made, and kept his promises, like Talleyrand,) he replied that he was tremendously busy, (there were three men besides himself, working in the shop,) and that there were some officers in the town, whose uniforms he had been busy with for two months; a civil sort of way of telling me that I ought to be thankful for what I had got. I accordingly remembered honest Sancho and the gift-horse, and was silent. Now I was recommended to this man by the consul, as being the first at his trade,—the Stultz of Valencia.

The excessive heat of summer is certainly some excuse for idleness; morning is the only time when any work is done; from noon till sun-set no one stirs out, for whenever I ventured out at that time I found myself alone in the streets. This time is spent by the men in lounging about the house, smoking, or sleep-

ing,—by the women in preparing their finery for the evening, and in singing constitutional songs. The moment the sun goes down, the scene changes, the whole population resorts to the public drive, at least all the men, and every woman who can sport a *mantilla* and a fan,—and few, indeed, there are who cannot. The drive extends from the town to the sea, a distance of two miles ; it is well paved and shaded on either side with fine poplars ; it is the ambition of the Valencian *belles* to appear there every evening in a machine 'ycleped a *tartana*, which is neither more nor less than a green covered cart without springs, and drawn by a solitary horse. The fact is, there are no carriages in Valencia, if we except one or two which, from their primitive construction, must have carried the ancestors of their present owners two centuries ago ; these are shaped like funeral coaches, painted red, and drawn by mules. The pace of all these vehicles is a solemn walk, (indeed, the *tartana* could not be pushed beyond it without endangering the limbs of its inmates,) and as they describe a

regular circle, each taking its place as it arrives on the ground, (for no passing or repassing is allowed,) they formed the strangest procession I ever witnessed. Then, let the reader imagine, besides, numbers of galloping cavaliers, groups of half naked peasants, and whole swarms of monks, of every order and colour, from the miserable-looking Capuchin, unshod and uncovered, to the comfortably-clad Carmelite, in his snow-white flannel robe, whose jolly visage, and "fair round belly," tell no tales of vigils, or of fasting, and he will be able to form some idea of the motley appearance of the Valencian drive.

About eight o'clock, when it begins to get dark, *le beau monde* adjourn to the *Glorieta*, a public garden in the town, not very large, but laid out with taste, and always kept in good order. The nights are beautiful beyond description. During the day the sky is of a dazzling brightness, and the heat very oppressive; but immediately after sun-set, a cool breeze blows off the sea, which renders the air quite refresh-

ing ; and the sky, after exhibiting every variety of colour, assumes a deep blue, of a much richer and softer tint than during the day. When there is no moonlight, the gardens are lighted with lamps, and they are generally crowded from eight till ten, though many linger on till eleven. But the Glorieta ought to be seen by moonlight : then the gay dresses and varied countenances of the company, the soft light, so grateful after the glaring heat of the day, and the delicious coolness of the night air, form altogether a scene delightfully impressive.

After the walk in the Glorieta, the natives return to their abodes, and sup. The theatre, which is very large, and said to be the handsomest in Spain, is quite deserted. There seems to be an unaccountable difference in taste, in this respect, betwixt the Valencians and their neighbours of Barcelona, who are extremely fond of theatrical amusements. The Valencian theatre was wretchedly attended, and the pieces performed translated (without exception) from the French, who, indeed, at present

supply the European stage. The company of equestrians which we passed on the road from Barcelona, appeared to be very successful; they performed thrice a-week, in a temporary wooden amphitheatre outside the walls, and such was the anxiety of the people to see them, especially on Sundays, that it was necessary to take tickets a day or two beforehand, in order to secure a seat. The Spaniards have a decided taste for out-door amusements; indeed, one of their own countrymen* has remarked, that they care for nothing but *Pan y Toros*: it is probable that they have derived this taste from their Roman masters.

As to Spanish society, I believe there is none, at least, in our acceptation of the term. Families visit each other without invitation or ceremony; but no entertainment is given except in conversation or music; and, as may be expected from this, the manners are much more easy and familiar than in colder climates. In spite of all that has been said and believed about Spanish

* Jovellanos.

pride, I have observed an almost entire equality amongst them. A Spaniard is proud, not of birth or wealth, but of the ancient glory of his country, and above all, of being a Spaniard. This feeling is shared equally by the peer and the peasant; but I have never seen it shown, unless when their honour, or their national prejudices, were touched. I have always, on the contrary, found their behaviour frank and unreserved. I may mention, as a proof of the hospitable manners of the better orders, that a nobleman of wealth and influence in the south, whom I met accidentally at the hotel in Valencia, not only paid me the greatest attention there, but offered me the liberty of shooting over his estates. He was a liberal; had travelled more than the generality of his countrymen, and spoke English very well. When I left Valencia, he met me at the Diligence, and saw me off; and when I thanked him cordially for his numerous attentions, he replied, with a smile, "That I must not mention the subject, as he had received the greatest hospitality in *my*

country, which he never would have an opportunity of repaying; and that, besides, he held it to be the duty of every people, to be attentive to strangers." His last words to me were, to write to him if I ever found myself in any difficulties: and this was said in a tone so different from the usual humbug of continental politeness, that I was convinced of its reality. Such men are rarely to be met with in travelling.

My hostess and her sisters were seldom alone in the evenings, they were generally either visiting or receiving friends. One evening there happened to be several young folks present, and two of them, both students, were discussing the siege of Bilboa, and the merits of Zumalacargui, when the youngest of my *padrona's* sisters called out to them, "Why do you sit there talking about Bilboa! Why don't you go and fight for your country! If I were a man," and her black eyes sparkled, "I would not stay long here." I thought I observed in this energetic appeal some sparks of the old Numantian fire.

Female education is shamefully neglected in Spain ; the highest accomplishments, even amongst the wealthier orders, are French and the piano ; and even these are rarely to be met with. As a specimen of their geographical attainments, I shall relate a conversation I had one day with one of the sisters of my hostess (not the one who wished to be a soldier). She was very curious to know all about *my* country, and asked me how far it was away ; whether we had not a great deal of money, and whether the women were pretty and went to mass ; and when I told her that they did not, and that there were no friars, she exclaimed, "*Que gente tan mala,*" (such a wicked people !) She then told me with that perfect *naieté*, which I have only observed in Spain, that she was engaged to be married to a young physician in the course of a twelvemonth. "He says," continued she, "that he will take me either to Estramadura, or to the Havannah : — have you been there ? — or to Portugal, — where is that ? — which of these is the best country ?" I asked her where she thought

Portugal was. "I don't know," she replied, "but I think it is somewhere near France," (*cérca Francia*). The idea that as I had been for some time from home, I must of course have visited the Havannah, was singular enough.

I afterwards discovered that her eldest sister was equally innocent of geography. One day, whilst sitting down to dinner, I found her disputing with her *amante* at the height of their voices, — as *amantes* will occasionally do. The question at issue was, whether England was an island or not; and the point being referred to me, I was obliged to give a verdict against my fair hostess.

Bigotry is rapidly losing ground in Spain; indeed, the only marked instances of it, which I observed, occurred at Valencia. I happened to enter a church one day, where some ceremony was going on; when a monk came up to me, and told me that I must kneel; an order, which I felt no inclination to obey, and I accordingly quitted the premises. On another occasion I was visiting some acquaintances of

my landlady, when the mistress of the house, who was of a certain age, brought me a book, which, she said, had been given to her by an Englishman, and she was afraid it was not orthodox; as her spiritual adviser the priest, could not read it. I was somewhat surprised when she handed me an English religious tract; and I told her that it was a christian publication, but not a catholic one. She instantly snatched it out of my hand, and dashed it on the floor; exclaiming "*Heretical es!*" with an oath, which I dare not translate; but which my Spanish readers may easily guess. I thought it strange enough, that the zealous reformer, who made this heretical present to the old lady, never thought of the absurdity of giving books to people who could not read them.

There is, notwithstanding, a natural intelligence, and an enthusiasm in the character of the Spanish women, which almost supply their want of education; and which, if well cultivated, and added to the charms of their unaffected manners, would, in my belief, give them

the superiority over all their neighbours. They possess besides, in the highest degree, a quality more valuable than any acquired accomplishments ; I mean disinterestedness. Indeed the Spaniards, with all their faults, are the least mercenary people in Europe.

Valencia contains an university, — which is attended, I was told, by three thousand students, many of whom are foreigners. Law and medicine are the chief studies. The students wear black cocked hats, and long cloaks, which are so patched and tattered, that it is often impossible to make out what their primitive colour and shape might have been. A tattered cloak is of course held as an undoubted symbol of learning. Their system of education appears to be as antiquated as the university itself, if one may judge by the students : for those I met seemed to think, that to be able to speak Latin was the highest of human accomplishments, — a strange perversion of taste, when they have a more beautiful language of their own, — and that the Spanish literature was the

first in the world. An *avocat* once asked me who Romulus was. These youths told me, however, that they had to make no solemn declaration of their religious opinions, on entering the university ; so that the two universities of England seem not to have a parallel even in Spain.

The Valencian students spend a great portion of their time in gambling ; a vice which I believe prevails to a greater extent in Spain than either in France or Germany ; for it extends even to the peasantry. There is only one public gambling table in Valencia ; and that was surrounded, every forenoon, with students, peasants, soldiers and caballeros, who formed a very singular looking assemblage. Such a scene is generally one of painful excitement, even for a mere spectator ; for the breathless silence of the room, and the excited and changeful countenances of the players, whose every faculty appears absorbed in watching the movements of the cards or dice, cannot be regarded with indifference. But very little of this is

observable at a Spanish gaming table, for the Don is certainly the coolest gambler in the world ; indeed, it is impossible to tell from his countenance, whether he be gaining or losing. Wrapped up in his cloak, he stands quietly puffing his cigar, and appears to look on the game with perfect indifference ; not the slightest movement betrays his good or bad fortune ; in short, he

Has so much breeding of a gentleman,
You never *can* discern his real thought.

Whether this arises from pride, or practice, or from his stoical indifference to money, it would be difficult to say. It struck me, however, as being one of the most singular traits in the Spanish character.

The news of Zumalacarregui's death, and the consequent raising of the siege of Bilboa, caused a great sensation at Valencia. The liberal press teemed with panegyrics on the people of Bilboa, who were often ranked with the heroes of Saguntum and Saragossa ; odes addressed to them appeared in almost every newspaper,

and a heroic poem was published at Valencia, in I know not how many books, entitled, the "Defence of Bilboa." That the people of Bilboa behaved well on that occasion, is well known: but it certainly cannot be called a very desperate affair, when they only lost about twenty men.

Had Zumalacarregui lived, there is little doubt but that Bilboa would have been taken, (I have heard this confessed more than once, even by the Queen's officers,) and in that case, the liberal cause would have received a severe blow. Not only would Carlos have obtained possession of a considerable town and a seaport, but the *moral* effects of the victory, by inspiring his troops with new courage, and hopes of success, and by discouraging the Queen's troops, at that time suffering greatly from sickness, would have been great. Bilboa is no great distance from Burgos, which is within a few days' march of Madrid; and it is easy to foresee what an army, flushed with victory, and confiding in its general, might have done. We must remember, too,

that at that time none of the foreign auxiliaries had arrived, and that the greatest dissatisfaction prevailed, both with the Regent and her ministry, in whom the nation placed no confidence; in short, all was doubt and uncertainty. But by the death of the Carlist general, the face of affairs was completely altered. In that man, were centred the hopes of Nicholas and his allies, the French legitimists, and the English conservatives, and with him they died. Don Carlos immediately retired from Bilboa, for his army was then without a head, and the Spaniards had time to look about them. Their first step was to shut up the convents, and this was done with less bloodshed than might have been expected, from their determined hatred of the friars; their second was to demand the deposition of Toreno, and the establishment of a liberal ministry, and in this they were successful. Meanwhile, Carlos retired to the mountains, and after mature deliberation, appointed the Virgin successor to Zumalacarregui, being well aware that neither he himself, nor any one of

his followers, was capable of supplying his late general's place.

Even under such distinguished patronage, the arms of alleged legitimacy do not appear to have met with any success, as no movement of importance has taken place since the retreat from Bilboa. Exiled princes seldom succeed in their attempts to recover their thrones ; for such is their infatuated love of power, that they engage in the most desperate enterprises without reflecting on the difficulties they have to contend with. The signal failures of the Stuarts in Scotland, and of the Bourbons in Brittany and La Vendee, might have taught Don Carlos, if indeed he ever heard of these events, that his enterprise was attended with little prospect of success. His good fortune at first arose, from his having an active and enterprising general, but more from the imbecility of the Queen's government. Zumalacarregui was allowed to organize, it is said, sixteen battalions in Navarre, before Carlos returned to Spain. This number is probably exaggerated ; but the very fact of

troops being allowed to collect openly, is a striking proof of the weakness of the government at that time. The armies sent against the rebels were ill appointed, badly officered, and worse commanded; for Mina did nothing, and Valdez gave up to his enemies nearly the one-half of the French frontier, whence all their supplies are received. The fact is, the Spaniards, though not deficient in bravery, make bad troops: for though in modern warfare they have distinguished themselves in defending towns and strong positions, they never can be compared in the field with either French, British, or German. There is a want of energy in the Spanish character, a "devil-may-care" sort of humour, that makes them take things as they find them, which has ever been the greatest bar to the improvement of the nation. This feeling, though wearing off amongst the intelligent classes, is still quite observable amongst the peasantry and lower orders, and this, in my opinion, joined with their hatred of subordination, prevents their being good soldiers.

Zumalacarregui was an ambitious, enterprising man, and a good soldier ; and with his knowledge of the country, and of his troops, he found no difficulty in keeping at bay the ill-appointed expeditions sent against him. Upon that man alone, I consider the cause of Don Carlos and his party rested ; but even whilst he lived, his chances of success were small ; for even supposing he had got possession of Madrid, the provinces would very probably have risen *en masse* against him, when reduced to the last extremity, as they did during Napoleon's invasion.

Ever since the death of the Carlist chief, matters have evidently been falling back with the *factious*. The fact is, they want a head ; their movements appear to be made without design, each petty chief acting on his own responsibility ; for Carlos himself is a man quite unfit to direct the operations of his followers : it is generally believed, that he is even deficient in personal courage. On the other hand, their opponents are daily acquiring numbers and

confidence, and they are commanded by a man of undoubted courage, whatever his other qualities may be. It is not likely, therefore, that Carlos will now attempt a descent upon the low country ; he never dared to leave the mountains during the lifetime of his general, and if he did so now, the attempt would certainly be attended with the ruin of his followers. I therefore look upon his cause as hopeless ; for he has no prospect of assistance, either foreign or domestic ; his credit he lost with Zumalacarregui ; and it is not very probable that a Scythian army will march to his assistance.

Yet, though unable to act on the offensive, his partisans may still carry on a guerilla warfare for some time ; in short, until the Queen's government can muster troops sufficient to occupy the whole country in a military manner. Then will Don Carlos scamper off, and leave his misguided partisans to their fate, as other princes have done on similar occasions.

When Ferdinand the Fifth * — whom Ma-

* Of Aragon, who by his marriage with Isabel of

chiavel justly admires for his skill in politics, and his contempt of treaties — conquered Navarre, he left to the inhabitants all their ancient privileges; being, probably, afraid of irritating a people so distinguished for their love of independence. These privileges — whilst the ancient liberties of Spain were gradually destroyed by Charles the Fifth and his despotic successors — the Navarrese retained, and still retain. The most important of these, are the right of appointing their own magistrates, and of levying their own taxes. These mountaineers, attached like all others, to their privileges and religion, became alarmed lest the new government should interfere with them; though I am not aware that they had any reason to be so. Carlos and his priests, however, took good care that they should believe so; and thus they became the tools of the legitimists. By the accounts of every one whom I have seen, who has been amongst them, and I have met many,

Castile, and his conquests of Granada and Navarre, first united Spain under one sceptre.

these men took up arms for the defence of their privileges, at the instigation of Carlos, and as they are now fairly compromised, they are compelled to make a stout resistance. But their efforts have only been attended with the devastation of their country, and will, in all probability, be terminated by the utter extinction of their ancient privileges. It is deeply to be regretted, that in cases like the present, the guilty should almost invariably escape, whilst the comparatively innocent suffer. Don Carlos sets too much value on his own precious person to die at the head of his followers, or even to expose himself in the field ; he will take as good care of himself as he has done hitherto : but thousands of brave, but misguided men, will be reduced to beggary and ruin by his criminal attempt to re-establish despotism in Spain ; whilst he himself will look on in safety, with that indifference to human life which appears to be inherent in his family.

I confess, I cannot see, that Don Carlos has any *right*, either human or divine, to the throne

of Spain. The Salic Law, so far from being the ancient rule of succession, was introduced little more than a century ago, by a foreigner, Philip the Fifth, the great-grandfather of the pretender.* As a proof that it never prevailed in Spain before that period, it is only necessary to mention that Philip *himself* succeeded to the throne in right of his *mother*. The Salic Law was introduced in an arbitrary manner by that prince and his council, without the convocation of the Cortes ; its sole object being to exclude the houses of Austria and Savoy, and to secure the Spanish throne to the house of Bourbon. This innovation, which can scarcely be termed legal, was repealed by the late King and Cortes of the kingdom ; and surely no one can deny their *right* to do so. Don Carlos, however, admits the right of his great-grandfather, Philip the Fifth, to make a law, which he denies the right of his brother Ferdinand to repeal. Such is the reasoning of princes !

It is strange enough, that the legitimist

* Coxe's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 118.

journals of France and England, though they proclaim this man the lawful successor of Ferdinand, and destroy his enemies by hundreds every week, never condescend to tell us on what principle either of justice or common sense they found his claim. Even the *Gazette de France* is silent on the subject.

To an ordinary observer, it may appear singular, that a war like the present should continue for upwards of two years, without any marked success on either side. I have heard, indeed, the courage of the combatants called in question. It is to be accounted for, first, by the deficient state of the Spanish army; which is so badly officered, that I once heard a captain of the Queen's lancers declare, that there was not a man in Spain could *command* two thousand cavalry; and which has been so badly commanded, that Mina has declared, that all the Queen's generals ought to be shot, beginning with himself:—secondly, by the want of confidence in the Regent and her ministers;—and lastly, by that indifference of the people which

forms one of the strongest features in their character. The distrust of the government I observed from the first week of my stay in Spain: I very seldom even heard the Regent's name mentioned with respect. The fact is, the people had been trifled with by three successive ministers. Bermudez made promises; De la Rosa made sonnets; and Toreno was the mere organ of Louis Philippe and M. Thiers. There was, therefore, neither confidence nor sympathy between the nation and its rulers; and from this cause, joined with their characteristic indifference, the people interested themselves very little in the contest.

But the most singular circumstance connected with the history of the last three years, is,—that notwithstanding the distracted state of the country, no man has yet appeared who commanded the confidence, or even the respect of the nation; if we except the new minister, Mendizabal. Certainly no other country in Europe could be in a state of civil war for such a length of time without producing leaders of

talent on both sides. This singularity can only be accounted for, by the Diogenic philosophy of the Spaniards; which teaches them, if they have but their daily *olla* and cigar, to despise wealth and power.

This feeling is gradually wearing off; but a mighty change must take place in their character before they again become a nation. Three hundred years of bigotry and despotism, have destroyed their energies and dissipated their resources; and they have nothing now left except their courage and their pride. Spain has been unfortunate in her princes. No sooner was Charles the Fifth placed on the throne, than he attacked and destroyed the privileges of the commons, who at that time enjoyed more political liberty than any other body in Europe. They made a vigorous but vain resistance under the gallant Padilla, and his heroic wife; for the undisciplined citizens had but little chance of success against the veteran troops and experienced generals of the Emperor. Charles knew well how to make use of his victory—he con-

ciliated the people by pardoning the rebels, but at the same time he destroyed their liberties, and established despotism. From that fatal moment we may mark the decay of Spain; from that time her commerce declined, for that plant has never yet flourished under the shade of tyranny: her riches were spent in foreign wars kindled by the selfish ambition of the Emperor, and her literature and her ardent love of enterprise received a check which they have never recovered.

Next came the terrible Philip, who drained the wealth of Spain, in vainly attempting to subdue the brave Hollanders, and by reviving the inquisition—the most effectual engine for the degradation of mankind that has yet been invented by the wit of princes—he completed the victory over the people which his father had won. These two princes did their work so well, that in the short space of eighty years they rooted out the love of independence from the breasts of their subjects, and implanted instead, the blindest superstition. The imbecility of

their Austrian successors, and the tyranny of the Bourbons, with their favourites and their women, were submitted to without a murmur; if we except the rising of the Catalans, whom, during the war of succession, England so basely abandoned.

The invasion of Napoleon first roused Spain from her lethargy; she then showed, for the first time since the death of Padilla, that her ancient spirit was not yet quenched, though it had been long hid by the clouds of superstition and despotism. It is needless to add how she was rewarded by a contemptible tyrant; but during that desperate contest she acquired some notion of her own strength, and in 1822 would undoubtedly have shaken off her oppressors, had not the Bourbons proclaimed a crusade for the defence of Ferdinand and the inquisition. That crusade had only the effect of delaying matters for ten years; for the liberals are much more numerous and unanimous now than they were in 1822.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the future

prospects of Spain are uncertain. The civil war in the North—the state of her finances and credit—the minority of the Queen, and apparent incapacity of the Regent, and, above all, the want of leading men in whom the nation has confidence—are all serious evils. But liberty is only to be acquired by continual exertions, and there is a spirit of determination in the Spanish character, when once fairly roused, that will, it is hoped, carry them through all their difficulties, and enable them to resume their place amongst the nations of Europe.

The contest betwixt Charles V. and the Spanish Commons, in 1522, bore a striking resemblance to that which arose in England one hundred and twenty years afterwards. The immediate cause was the same in both countries, viz.—an attempt on the part of the monarchs to raise taxes by unconstitutional means, and a resistance thereof on the part of the Commons. But England had many advantages on her side; she had to deal with a capricious monarch, whose actions proceeded from no fixed prin-

principles, but merely from a vague love of despotic power : he, besides, had no standing army, without which absolute monarchs are harmless ; for had Charles been possessed of this engine, the fate of England might have been very different. On the other hand, Charles V. was the first man of his time, both in war and politics, and possessed a numerous army of well disciplined troops, and good generals : he conquered his subjects, and gave a blow to the prosperity of his country which she never recovered. The English conquered their king, and from that moment they increased in wealth and power. Whenever, therefore, we may be inclined to draw comparisons betwixt our country and others, let us bless our stars that Charles Stuart was not a Charles the Fifth.

CHAPTER III.

VALENCIA TO MADRID.

“ Or by Madrid he taks the rout,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi 'nowt.”

BURNS.

I LEFT Valencia towards the end of July, by the Diligence for Madrid.

The road lies through the plain of Valencia, which I had then an opportunity of seeing in all its glory, for certainly in the richness and variety of its colours, it exceeds anything I ever saw. The heat was excessive, especially where we passed through the groves of oranges and olives, as the trees prevented any circulation

of air. We were drawn, as usual, by mules, which had their backs and necks shaved, to prevent them perspiring too freely : this practice, which is common all over Spain, appeared to me almost unnecessary, as the sun seemed to have little effect on their iron frames.

“ The garden of Spain ” is enclosed by a range of barren mountains, unadorned with a single shrub ; and they were at that season completely burnt up by the heat. The ascent occupied some time, so that I had leisure to take a farewell look of the gorgeous plain below, and the distant Mediterranean, and as the sky was, as usual, unclouded, I have seldom seen a finer prospect. After gaining the summit, the scene was instantly changed ; it seemed as if we had been transported into another country—a flat barren plain lay before us, bounded by the horizon ; not a mountain or a tree broke the monotony of the scenery. The harvest had, of course, been finished some time before, so that the country was perfectly bare and sun-burnt ;

in fact, had it not been for an occasional glimpse of a wretched village, with its half naked inhabitants, I might have fancied myself in the Arabian Desert.

It is the custom, in going long journeys, in Spain, to start at one or two o'clock in the morning, and to continue on the road until seven or eight in the evening, when you sup, and may go to bed for a few hours. You are called the next morning at one, to proceed on your journey, and so on until you arrive at your destination. This system I found much more convenient than the French one, of travelling night after night without stopping. One suffers more, in long journeys, from the want of exercise, and from constantly remaining in one position, than from want of sleep; but you suffer from neither of these by the Spanish system, as you can take a scamper for an hour or two every evening before supper. The only serious sources of annoyance in Spanish travelling, much more serious in my opinion than the brigands, are the multitude of fleas, mosqui-

toes, and other creeping things which every where abound.

But these are not the only *pleasures* of travelling in July. The roads were six inches deep in dust, the sun scorching, and we were compelled to keep down the window-blinds of the Diligence, to prevent our being smothered with the dust, which, however, penetrated through every thing; add to this, that smoking is permitted in the Diligences, and the Spaniards are the most constant smokers in Europe, the Germans not excepted, and the reader may form some idea of the interior of a Spanish *Diligencia* in July. We had, in all, fourteen passengers; and as there were only two guards, I concluded from both these circumstances that the road was safe.

The first night, we stopped at a solitary inn. It was a large quadrangular building, with an inner court, into which the Diligence was stowed for the night. On arriving, I was refreshed with the sight of a row of hand-basins, with the other apparatus of ablution, standing in the yard,

for it may be imagined in what a state we were, with dust, heat, and tobacco smoke. After performing this most necessary operation, the Spaniards sat down and smoked till supper was ready. I got into conversation with one of them, who maintained that *Padre Isla* was the author of "Gil Blas:" indeed, I never heard a Spaniard allow that that admirable novel was written by Le Sage.

When we assembled at supper, I found that the whole party were natives, with the exception of a Frenchman and myself. The eggs were eaten in the usual mode; and the soup,—for that is an essential dish in a Spanish supper,—was duly seasoned with garlic. Whilst patiently attempting to dispatch an egg with a table spoon, my friend with whom I had been conversing, asked me if I knew who that was,—pointing to a picture of Ferdinand, which hung in the room. — I told him, I supposed it was meant for the late king, and asked how he was liked: "*Era una bestia*," replied my friend, quite aloud; "*Un bruto*," said another, and

all the company immediately joined in abusing the dead king, except a priest, who remained silent.

I was astonished at this undisguised expression of contempt for the embroiderer of petticoats ; not being aware that such liberty of speech was allowed in Spain ; and this fearless expression of opinion at a public table, where nearly all were strangers to each other, convinced me of the general estimate of Ferdinand's character. Indeed, I believe no prince of modern times has been more detested by his subjects ; whether deservedly or not, his actions may tell. Not only did I never hear his name mentioned with respect, but I have frequently heard even the Queen's officers talk openly of him, in the coarsest language. We are told that "none are all evil;" some one strewed flowers even on Nero's tomb ; but nobody takes the part of poor Ferdinand ; he appears to be remembered only for evil, although he certainly did one good action, in excluding his brother from the succession.

After supper, we were shown into the sleeping apartments ; they were of no great dimensions, but contained six beds each. I took possession of one, and slept for an hour or two, when I awoke suddenly, half suffocated, for the room had become so warm, that the heat was insupportable. I immediately went out to the balcony, which, in a Spanish *posada*, surrounds and overlooks the court-yard ; but even the open air was most oppressive, not a breath of wind was stirring, and all was silent, save the music of the musquitoes. I remained outside till the hour of departure, not daring to venture again into the oven, where I had left half-a-dozen Spaniards, keeping up a chorus, which seemed to bid defiance to the heat, the musquitoes, and every other creeping thing. How they contrived to breathe such an atmosphere, I know not.

We started about two in the morning. The heat continued until an hour before sunrise, when it always becomes cool ; this pleasant temperature lasts till about seven, at which

hour we stopped to dine. The viands consisted of soup, solids, wine and fruit.

After another toilsome day of dust and heat, we arrived at our quarters for the night: a village the most celebrated in Spain, for the manufacture of the *cuchillo*. The moment we arrived, the Diligence was surrounded by a host of men, women, and children, offering for sale every variety of knife. These were of every shape and size, and varied in length from three inches to eighteen: the common price asked was two or three pesetas, but plenty are to be had for a peseta each; so that they are within the reach of the poorest peasant.

During this day's ride, the appearance of the country underwent no change; it continued flat, barren, and very thinly peopled. The only parts which appeared to be cultivated, were in the vicinity of the villages, which are as miserable as can be imagined; the houses being built of clay, unprotected by a single tree, and exposed to the fierce rays of the sun. There seemed a great scarcity of water; indeed the

crops in this part of Spain require artificial irrigation. Every cultivated field has a well in it, and the water is drawn by asses or mules, in the same manner as in eastern countries. The people who work in the fields have a most uncivilized appearance. Their whole dress consists of a white frock, which barely reaches to the knees; and their faces and limbs are so blackened with the sun, that they might pass for Africans.

We started next morning at the usual hour, after another sleepless night, and in a short time entered the far-famed province of La Mancha. It is in general so flat that our *conducteur*, "a fellow of infinite jest," remarked that you might see in the morning where you were to sleep at night. I was immediately struck with the number of windmills, the first I had seen in Spain. They are necessary, owing to the flatness of the country, and the scarcity of water. About mid-day, the *conducteur* called out to me, "Look yonder at the army of giants." I drew back the blind, which we were obliged

to keep down, to prevent us being buried with dust, and saw at some distance, a great number of windmills in motion. They were situated on the summit of a gentle slope, and being reflected against the horizon, and their huge arms tossing about in all directions, they had so strange an appearance, that it is not at all surprising that the chivalrous Hidalgo laid his lance in rest and charged them. I counted twenty-one of these giants; most of them were old, and it is likely enough that this is the spot Cervantes had in his eye when he described that celebrated encounter. We saw, a little afterwards, at a short distance from the road, the spires of Toboso, the abode of the charming Dulcinea.

I had only one companion in the coupé,—an elderly man, who was very civil in telling me the names of every village we passed, and giving me all the information in his power; but he smoked without intermission. He, of course, abused the friars and the factious, and told me that he had in his younger days served in the

war of independence,—as the Spaniards delight to call their struggle with Napoleon. After giving me an account of the capitulation of Baylen, at which he had been present, and which did little honour to either party concerned, he remarked, with true Castilian pride, that Spain had done more in effecting the downfall of Napoleon, than any other nation in Europe. Now, I have heard the emperor's fall attributed by some, to England, by others to Russia, and by others, again, to the elements,—but Spain was a new idea, and I regarded my friend for a moment with mute astonishment; observing which, he added, “and England too, did a good deal,” (*mucho*). Such are the thanks which John Bull receives for fighting the battles, and paying the debts of his neighbours!

We arrived at the usual hour at our quarters for the night, which were of a superior description to any we had met with on the road. I managed, by dint of bribery, to get a private room; but whilst flattering myself with the

prospect of a few hours' uninterrupted rest, I was told that the Infante Don Francisco was to pass through the town that night at ten o'clock, on his way to Valencia, whither he was going with his wife and family, to escape the heat of Madrid. My informant also told me, that there was to be a muster of the *Urbanos* of the town, of which I have forgot the name, with military music, an illumination, and every thing, in short, calculated to annoy a weary traveller, and to "murder sleep."

I retired early to my room, and found, to my surprise, two of the servants fastening some fantastic looking articles to the window. I asked them what they were doing, and they said they were preparing to illuminate for Don Francisco. I thought it rather hard to be obliged to sleep in an illuminated room, after being without rest for two nights ; and I told them that I should take care no one entered my room during the night. After they had quitted my premises, I accordingly locked the door. I had scarcely, however, got into bed, when the *Urbanos* commenced

playing their constitutional airs, of which I had the full benefit, as the heat compelled me to keep my window wide open. The musquitoes. &c., were not idle ; whilst the increasing bustle in the street, and the previous want of sleep, threw me into a sort of nervous fever. Sleep, in such a state, was out of the question, and I lay tossing about for an hour, musing on the pleasures of travelling, and cordially wishing Don Francisco safe at Valencia, when I heard a tap at my door ; I asked, not in the politest tone, who was there ; and a voice answered that my room must be illuminated ; to which I replied, that I would open the door to no one. Shortly afterwards, I heard another rap ; and a voice, which I recognised to be that of the landlady, said I must open the door, as Don Francisco was coming. I told her that I had paid for the room, and that I would not open the door for the pope himself. With this answer, she was either shocked or satisfied, for I immediately afterwards heard her retreating along the lobby. I now flattered myself, that

I had fairly put my disturbers to flight, and fell into a sort of slumber which lasted I know not how long. From this, I was suddenly startled by a blaze of light in my room. I sprung out of bed, and immediately perceived that my enemies had effected by stratagem, what they did not attempt by force. My window was illuminated, although the door was still closed, and no one was in the room. I looked out, and saw a fellow descending a ladder, gazing up with evident satisfaction at the success of his enterprise. My first impulse was to send the whole apparatus after him: but I contented myself with abusing him and his household in the fiercest Spanish I was master of, which, Castilian though he was, he answered not. He, however, had the advantage of me, for he kept his temper, while I had lost mine.

It was now midnight, but the Infante had not yet made his appearance; the people still paraded the streets with torches, singing constitutional songs, and the band continued playing. I was now so fairly exhausted, that in spite of

the illumination, the music, and the musquitoes, I fell asleep; but "Constitucion o'muerto!" the chorus of one of their favourite songs, still rang in my ears; I was haunted by light of every colour; and visions of the Infante, the innocent cause of all my miseries, flitted around me in every direction. I was not long allowed to indulge in these reveries, for at half-past one the hoarse voice of the conductor announced the hour of departure. Don Francisco, like other great folks, was behind his time; he drove up only a few minutes before we started. Nearly all the illumination candles had burnt out; but here and there an expiring wick remained, to remind him of the loyalty of the town, and his want of punctuality in keeping his appointments. He travelled in a huge carriage, shaped like a hearse, and was escorted by a troop of dragoons.

I felt unspeakably relieved when we left this place; for I certainly never met with such a ludicrous series of annoyances, as during the night which I have attempted to describe.

About mid-day we arrived at Aranjuez, situated in a finely wooded valley, watered by the Tagus, which is there but a small stream. The first view of this valley, with the palace, and its park studded with the finest timber, was a refreshing sight, after a ride of upwards of two hundred miles over barren plains and naked sand-hills. The palace itself, is an old-fashioned building, but the grounds are very extensive, and laid out with great taste. I regretted very much that I had not time to visit them.

There is here a large amphitheatre for exhibiting bullfights; erected, I suppose, for the convenience of the Spanish monarchs.

We were now within seven leagues of Madrid — upwards of thirty miles, for the Spanish league is the longest in Europe, measuring about four and a half English miles.—No sooner did we leave this beautiful valley, than the country assumed the same bare, arid appearance as before. After four hours' ride, we came in sight of the capital of Spain and the Indies.

The first view of Madrid, with its painted

roofs and glittering spires, rising from the midst of a desert, and erected, seemingly, with an utter contempt both of commerce and agriculture, must strike every stranger. Perhaps no town in Europe, if we except Venice, is so singularly situated. As we approached the city, no bustle announced that we were in the neighbourhood of a capital: we passed through no suburbs, and saw no trains of mules or wagons wending their course towards the city. All was quiet, and perfectly different from what may be observed in the vicinity of other towns.

We crossed the Manzanares, a tiny stream, nearly dried up by the summer's heat. It is said, that during the reign of Charles the Second — the last and weakest of the Austrian princes, when Spain was sunk in ignorance and superstition — some Dutch merchants offered, for a trifling sum, to make this river navigable as far as the Tagus, to which it is tributary. The council of Castile, after solemn deliberation, declared, that had God meant the river to be navigable, he would have made it so; that how-

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ever imperfect it might appear in their eyes, it was perfect in the eyes of the Creator, and that therefore, any attempt to amend it, would be a direct violation of the decrees of Heaven. The river was, accordingly, left to itself.

At length we entered the Prado; a magnificent promenade, extending about a mile and a half in length, shaded with lofty trees, and abounding in fountains. Cervantes' house was pointed out to me, on our way to the post-office; it is still in good repair. After the examination of our baggage — which ceremony is performed in *Spain* on entering every town — I proceeded to the hotel which had been recommended to me. There was a woman standing at the door, and I asked her whether I could get a room: she said I must ask the waiter. I put the same question to that functionary when he made his appearance; and he answered with Castilian politeness, and Spartan brevity, "*No se*," (I don't know). I immediately went to another hotel, where the answer was equally brief, though more civil, to

wit, "*No hay*;" which meant there was no room. I was now fairly at fault, and thinking what was next to be done; when the man who carried my portmanteau, a stout, honest-looking fellow, told me he knew a lodging-house where there were rooms to let. I instantly told him to lead the way to them, for after four days' travelling, one is not very particular where they sleep. I found, however, to my agreeable surprise, two clean rooms, a good dinner, of which I stood greatly in need, and a civil landlady; so that I never thought of changing my quarters during the fortnight I spent in Madrid. Had I been too fastidious to accept the porter's recommendation, I believe I might have been obliged to sleep in the street. The hotels of Madrid, I may venture to say, are the worst in Europe.

Travelling is dear in Spain, owing to the insecurity of the roads, and the scarcity of travellers. I paid from Valencia to Madrid, a distance of about two hundred and seventy miles, including the conductor and guards, thirty dol-

lars, equal to 6*l.* 10*s.*;—five dollars was charged for my baggage, and I had only one port-manteau.

I had now travelled upwards of five hundred miles through the country, and I confess I was agreeably surprised at the superiority of the people over their Italian neighbours, in honesty and independence. The Spaniards are, I believe, the least mercenary people in Europe: indeed I never was cheated, or attempted to be so, that I am aware of, during my residence amongst them. But I was much disappointed with the appearance of the country. I had always imagined Spain abounding with fertile valleys, and vine-clad hills, with ruined Moorish castles stuck on their tops; but the rich vales I had seen were so flat, as to be destitute of picturesque beauty. A vineyard in Spain is as ugly an object as can be imagined, for the vines are so short, that it resembles a field of gooseberry bushes; and the only Moorish remains I had seen, were a few towers on the coast of Catalonia. As to fine scenery, I had

seen none; wood is so scarce, that, in many places, I wondered where the inhabitants — thinly scattered as they were — got their fuel. Had Dr. Johnson travelled in Spain, I believe he would have found less wood there, than even in Scotland; for I do not remember seeing a tree between the plain of Valencia and Madrid, except at Aranjuez.

The fertility and resources of Spain have, I believe, been much over-rated. There are indeed some parts of the Peninsula, such as Valencia, Murcia, and parts of Andalusia, which are of extraordinary fertility: but the soil in general cannot be compared, either with that of France, Italy, or England, in point of natural richness. The soil of Spain is, in general, so dry and sandy, that it produces little without irrigation; a process which, to be carried to any extent, requires both capital and industry; and if we remember that there is but little of the first of these commodities in Spain, and none of the second — thanks to evil government — we need not be astonished at the primitive

state of agriculture, and the poverty of the inhabitants.

The decrease of population, may be attributed solely to the decrease of commerce and agriculture. *Moral* philosophers indeed have attributed it to the depraved morals of the people: but the fact is, the Spaniards are very temperate; indeed, I never saw a drunken man in Spain, except some of my own countrymen at San Sebastian. In other respects, I do not believe Spain to be so demoralized as Italy, yet the latter country is nearly twice as populous.

Spain, in my opinion, from her situation, productions, and the character of her people, may one day become a commercial country, — never an agricultural one; but until industry — the mother of population — fairly takes root, we cannot expect to see any increase in the number of her inhabitants.

CHAPTER IV.

MADRID.

“ SIETE meses de invierno, y cinco de infierno” according to the Spanish proverb, make up the climate of Madrid. I happened to be there at the hottest period, the end of July and the beginning of August, and can bear witness to the truth of, at least, the latter clause of the proverb. This arises entirely from the situation of the town; there being neither sea, mountains, nor forests in the vicinity, to cause the least circulation of air. The heat is most oppressive at night; indeed I have sometimes felt the air so close, as to prevent me sleeping.

The streets of Madrid are much wider in general than those of other Spanish towns;

but there is only one handsome one—the Alcala, which the Spaniards think the finest in the world. It is broad, and well paved, and contains a number of fine houses ; amongst them that of the British ambassador. It extends about a mile in length, from the Prado—the great public walk—to the “ Puerto del Sol,” which was once the gate, and is now the centre of the city. This forms a sort of square, where half-a-dozen of the principal streets empty themselves ; the post-office too is situated here, and it is by far the most bustling part of the town. The Alcala is lighted with gas, but I observed from the name on the lamp posts that they had been manufactured in London ; the expense of transporting them must have been great ; but the Don never works himself, when he can get others to do so for him.

Madrid, considered as a capital, is a very dull town. The bull-fights—which generally are exhibited every Monday—are the only public amusements : the theatre is very poor, and the opera far inferior to that of Barcelona. By far

the finest sight for a stranger, is the Prado, from seven till nine in the evening. There the whole population may be seen, every one appearing according to his or her circumstances ; the rich ladies in French carriages, and French bonnets, and the humbler citizenesses with their mantel-las and fans. A man with a white hat and red moustaches, drove tandem for several evenings, for the astonishment of the natives : but he must have been unacquainted with the philosophy of the Spaniards — the first maxim of which teaches them "*nil admirari*;" for really it appeared to produce no effect on them. The chief lions of the Prado, were a stately Turk upwards of six feet high, bearded, turbaned and trowsered, after his own fashion, and of a grave solemn aspect ; and a respectable looking person, who used to swagger about the most crowded part of the walk, without his coat : these two lions were always alone.

The only *lounge* in Madrid is the gallery of paintings, which is open twice a-week to the public. It contains about eight hundred pic-

tures ; amongst which are some of the finest specimens of the Italian, Flemish, and old Spanish schools. Amongst the Italian, there is one by Raphael called, I know not why, "La Pasma de Sicilia" which the Spaniards think the second picture in the world,—for they allow the Transfiguration of the Vatican to be the first. It represents Christ falling under the cross: he is surrounded by Roman soldiers, and the Virgin and Mary Magdalene are following at a short distance: the face of the Divine Sufferer is turned towards his mother, in whose countenance compassion and sorrow are exquisitely depicted, and form a striking contrast with the rude appearance of the soldiery. The whole picture appears to be in the best style of the wonderful artist.

But the most striking painting in the gallery is a "Prometheus Vincetus" of Titian. The fire-stealer is represented chained naked to the bleak rock ; the vulture, with outspread wings, tearing up his bosom, with its cruel talons fixed in his side,

“Whilst shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream.”

It is indeed the most terrific picture I ever saw. You cannot help gazing on it, until you fancy you see the heaving of the proud Titan's chest—breathing defiance to his mighty enemy.—There are, besides, many fine paintings, but the one-half of the gallery is filled with crucifixions, saintly martyrdoms and portraits of old popes and cardinals; to which subjects I must confess indifference, being unable to derive any pleasure from the contemplation thereof; and I can only regret the misapplication of the painter's time and talents on such unpromising subjects.

The specimens of the Dutch school are, I think, more numerous than the Italian: and there is no lack of drinking-scenes, boar-hunts, fruit-pieces, and such like productions of that unimaginative school. There are, however, several by Rubens; who, if half the pictures he gets the credit of painting be original, has soiled more canvass than any man that ever

lived. His landscapes, battle-pieces, and portraits are all admirable enough : but his women, with their flaxen hair and chubby cheeks,—let those admire who can. His very Venus is a Dutchwoman !

Amongst the old Spanish school, there is an admirable picture by Velasquez, of Vulcan at his forge, surrounded with his one-eyed apprentices : there are besides several Murillos ; but the greater part of the collection consists of portraits of the Spanish monarchs, the most striking of which is one of Philip the Second. The countenance of this modern Tiberius is at first sight not unprepossessing ; the forehead is high and well developed, and the features are well formed ; but the expression of the eye is cold and stern, and there is a contemptuous sneer on his thick Austrian lip ; whilst the whole countenance is cold as marble, as if it were beyond the reach of the common passions and affections. He appeared the personification of bigotry and tyranny.

Of the modern Spanish school the less that

is said the better; the specimens I saw beat the French, both in size and flash colouring. There is one at the door of the gallery which represents a woman sitting on a throne, meant for Spain, Liberty, or some such benevolent deity: she is busy dealing out swords and other destructive weapons to a multitude of *sans culottes*, who are supposed to be going to fight the French; and on her right stands a figure of Charity, bearing in one hand a cross, and in the other a bust of Ferdinand. Another represents the famine which occurred at Madrid during the war: women and children are seen dead and dying in the streets, and French officers walking amongst them with their pockets stuffed with rolls, which the dying wretches are refusing from *them* with disdain. Painters as well as princes ought certainly to remember "that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Whilst I was at Madrid a proclamation was issued by the government, abolishing all convents which did not contain more than twelve monks.

This proclamation of course had no effect ; as the people took the liberty immediately afterwards of shutting up all the convents themselves. According to the statement in the gazette, there were at that period in Spain, 1940 convents, and 30,906 persons belonging to the different religious orders : of these 16,785 were priests. The number of *religiosos* appears, however, to be rapidly decreasing : in 1808 there were 46,568, and in 1820, 33,546. The number of convents, which contained fewer than twelve monks, was nine hundred ; so that nearly one-half of them were abolished by the royal proclamation. The property of these religious houses was to be applied by the government towards the extinction of the national debt ; but the libraries, pictures, plate, &c. belonging to them were to be left untouched.

I never heard any one in Spain say a word in favour of the convents ; or attempt to show cause why they ought not to be abolished. They appear to have been mere receptacles of idleness, and very often of vice. The monks are

for the most part uneducated men, and to judge from their appearance, spent more of their time in the refectory than in their cells; for generally speaking, I never saw a fairer or fatter body of men. The only convents which now exist in Spain, are those of Madrid. The discharged monks (as the reader probably knows) are now receiving five rials per day—something more than a shilling—from the government. The value of their property cannot yet be estimated; as that depends almost entirely on the stability of the present government.

During my stay at Madrid, I was not fortunate enough to see either the innocent Isabel, or the Queen Regent; as they were at that time residing at St. Ildefonso: Munoz, the new Godoy, was also there. The current story as to Christina's first meeting with this person is as follows: she was one day taking an airing near Aranjuez, when the mules by some accident took fright and ran away. Munoz, who was a subaltern officer of the guard, happened to be on the spot at the time, and he immediately,

at some risk to himself, stopped the mules ; and carried the Regent out of her carriage, in a state of great alarm : by some accounts she had fainted. She of course thanked him for his intrepidity ; and told him to come next day to the palace. Hence, commenced an intimacy which has given rise to so much scandal ; for the favourite has now an appointment in the household, and attends his royal mistress wherever she goes. My landlady at Madrid told me she was acquainted with the family of Munoz, who live in the country, and are not at all well off in the world. She described the favourite himself, whom she had often seen, as being a stout, and rather coarse looking man, between thirty and forty.

I have already remarked, that the memory of Ferdinand is held in no reverence by his subjects ; indeed, if all the tales told of his conduct to his wives be true, it may rival that of our Henry. To his people, he appears to have behaved more like an Eastern Sultan, than a Christian king. I heard many instances of his

tyranny, but none so striking as the following. He one day observed at a window a girl whose beauty inflamed all the passion he was capable of; she was the daughter of a tradesman, and he sent one of his creatures with an order for her to appear on the same evening at the palace. The girl obeyed, being ignorant for what purpose her presence was required, and she was shown into an apartment where there was no one except the good prince himself. He offered her, as was his custom, a handful of doubloons; but she indignantly refused them, saying, that nothing would make her comply with his purpose. He then attempted to intimidate her, and even threatened to put her to death if she did not yield; but the noble girl told him that her life was at his disposal, but not her honour. The tyrant, foiled in his purpose, was compelled to let her go; but afterwards, he so annoyed her with messages and presents, that her father left Madrid with his whole family, and, it was believed, emigrated to America. What are all the heroines of romance to this poor girl, whose

constancy neither wealth nor flattery,—“*nec vultus instantis tyranni*,” could for a moment shake! and how much nobler an object was the family which preferred poverty and exile, to riches and dishonour, than the prince glittering with unmeaning orders, and surrounded by his courtiers! It was to place this man on his throne that Spain and England fought with their united strength for the space of five years; and to keep this man on his throne, a crusade was undertaken by France in 1823.

But the Spaniards have had their lesson, and a stern one it has been, of what they have to expect from their princes and their neighbours. They are now beginning to see,—at least the thinking part of them,—that they must fight their own battle. It was the firm attitude of the Juntas in September last, that first compelled the government to adopt a decided line of policy; for although these assemblies were illegal, we must admit that they were conducted in a most orderly manner, and that the imbecile and procrastinating conduct of the administra-

tion rendered them absolutely necessary. Before that period, there was no government in the country. The Regent thought proper to order nine hundred convents to be abolished; but the people gave the order a liberal interpretation, and read for nine hundred, nineteen hundred, and accordingly abolished them all. To this, the government said nothing; indeed, it would have been difficult, at that time, to tell who and where the governors were; for the jurisdiction of Christina did not extend beyond Madrid, whilst Carlos ruled in Navarre, and the national guard at Barcelona and Cadiz. This state of matters is now altered: a minister has been appointed, who has acquired the confidence of the nation, and whose measures will, in all probability, bring the Carlist contest to a close before the end of next summer. I am aware that the 100,000 men whom he has *called* out, will not all *come*. Many will rather choose to pay the fine than fight, especially in the large towns; whilst others, in the more distant provinces, will neither fight nor pay; but there is

no doubt, that this measure will place a considerable sum of money, and a large body of troops, at the disposal of the government.

Many people imagine that if the faction in the north were suppressed, matters would go on smoothly ; but, however we may wish well to the liberal cause,—we must remember, that the Spaniards, compared with other nations, are unaccustomed to exercise their judgment on matters of government, and consequently apt on all occasions to run into extremes. Hence, if the government, whether from good or bad motives, were to delay granting a constitution, I have no doubt whatever, that a civil war would be the consequence, which would be a much more serious affair than the skirmishing in the north ; and in that case, we might expect to see the Spanish monarchy extinguished amid scenes which might rival the darkest of the French revolution. But such a state of things would arise solely from the folly or negligence of the government. The Spaniards, from their love of pomp, and their reverence

for forms, which have little but their antiquity to recommend them, are strongly inclined to the monarchical form of government; and such prejudices, under wise rulers, may be the means of preventing the people abusing their newly acquired freedom. The first care of an enlightened government, after reforming the church and laws,—which are both notoriously corrupt,—ought to be the education of the people, especially of the lower orders, who are generally in a state of abject ignorance. I need only mention, as a proof of this, that I never met with a servant in Spain who could write. Indeed, in respect of education and intelligence, Spain appears to be about a couple of centuries behind France and England. It is impossible to conceive a more melancholy sight than a Spanish bookseller's shop. The shelves are filled with the works of the monkish historians, and with books on theological subjects; they contain little original, except the eternal Don Quixote, which generally occupies one entire shelf, and is printed in every possible

form, varying in size from one volume to six. These, with a few translations from the French, and several of Scott's novels, make up the stock of a Spanish bookseller. I once, indeed, saw a Shakspeare in the original at Barcelona, though I know not how it got there.

The style of the press in Spain is bombastic ; indeed, the love of pomp is observable every where. About half a dozen lines are occupied at the commencement of the royal proclamations, with the titles and attributes of the Queen,—for the innocent Isabel still retains, upon paper, all the possessions which ever belonged to the crown of Spain, including the Indies, Naples, Milan, the Low Countries, &c. This strange fancy, however, is not altogether confined to Spain.

I observed, one day, in the supreme court at Madrid, written in large letters, above a folding door, "Hall of the Indies," by which high-sounding title Spain has always been pleased to denominate South America ; but Cuba must alone have succeeded to that title, as Spain does

not at present possess one foot of soil on the American continent.

There is no doubt but the possession of these magnificent colonies has been one of the main causes of the ruin of Spain; by putting an end to all regular industry, and encouraging, instead, a reckless love of enterprise. Before the discovery by Columbus, the Spaniards were the best soldiers in Europe, and distinguished for their love of independence and attachment to their ancient liberties: but these good qualities were soon lost in that strongest of passions—avarice; and the consequence has been wealth and luxury; then despotism and corruption; and lastly, ignorance and poverty. Had the Spanish government not been blind with pride and prejudice, it might still, by recognizing the independence of the revolted colonies, have supplied them with her manufactures, and received their productions in turn,—a trade which, by encouraging industry, would have conferred far greater benefits on Spain, than all the gold and silver she ever extorted from them.

But she could not stoop to recognise a revolted province, although she has been obliged to beg assistance from France and England, to enable her to put down a mountain warfare, more resembling the skirmishing of brigands, than the contest for a crown. When one reflects how Spain has been governed,—that tyranny, corruption, and superstition have flourished there, to an extent unknown at least in modern times,—we cannot help being astonished, that the people still retain many of their ancient good qualities. The Spaniards are still brave, temperate, and hospitable : it is true they have neither the chivalrous courage of the French, nor the unyielding spirit of the British ; but they have an indifference to danger, and a recklessness of life which surpasses either : these qualities they have always displayed in the defence of towns and strong positions. I believe, that if the Spanish troops were well officered, they would be inferior to none in Europe ; in fasting, marching, and enduring hardships, none can surpass them.

Whilst I was at Madrid, the action at Mendigorra was fought, betwixt the Christinos and the factious, to the disadvantage of the latter ; though it was impossible, from the bombastic statement of the newspapers, to estimate the effects of the victory, if such it may be called.

I heard, however, afterwards, from a foreign officer, who was present at the engagement, that if the cavalry had done their duty, the victory would have been complete, and Carlos himself taken. It appears that the only means of retreat was a bridge which the Carlists had in their rear : a body of the Queen's cavalry were ordered to take possession of it ; but they either misunderstood, or neglected the order, and the Pretender and his staff were allowed to gallop quietly across. It is allowed, on all hands, that the Spanish cavalry are in a very deficient state ; they want, like the rest of the army, officers, and discipline. But it is difficult for people

“ To see themselves, as others see them.”

I once heard an officer of lancers, in the north,

make the following speech: "Napoleon has truly said, there are no soldiers like the Spaniards." When the emperor said this, I know not; but if he said so, he probably meant it in a different sense from that understood by the honest Spaniard.

Nothing can give a stronger proof of the backward state of society in Spain, than the existence of bull-fights! Antiquarians maintain that these barbarous exhibitions were practised by the ancient inhabitants of Spain, before the time of the Romans; though I should think this rather difficult to prove. Whoever were the inventors, these sights have certainly an evil tendency, in rendering the people callous to scenes of blood. I have heard even women, when describing these sights, talk in the most delighted manner of the wounded horses, with all the other disgusting particulars. It appears, that unless a dozen or upwards of horses are sacrificed, the Spaniards consider it no sport. These are, for the most part, old and unfit for use, and being left

utterly defenceless, fall easy victims to the enraged bull amid the shouts of the audience. The sight of these poor animals, some flying wildly before the bull, and others horribly wounded, galloping round the amphitheatre until they drop dead, has been described to me by strangers, — for I never witnessed the exhibition myself, — as a most disgusting spectacle. This cowardly destruction of the noblest of all animals, after spending their lives in the service of mankind, for the purpose of gratifying the base appetite of the multitude, I confess I could not look upon. It is certainly one of the first duties of a vigorous government, to put an end to such disgraceful scenes: all the intelligent Spaniards I met, seemed heartily ashamed of them. My landlady used to confess that Spain was the last country in Europe, except Portugal: she wished to go, she told me, to America, where there were neither kings nor bull-fights, (*ní reyes ní toros.*)

I intended, originally, to have gone from Madrid to Granada, and thence to the south of

Spain ; but as the roads in the south were very unsafe, and apparently becoming more so ; and, moreover, not having the smallest ambition “ to adorn a tale,” I resolved to retrace my steps into France. It is almost superfluous to inform the reader that robberies are frequent in Spain, both in town and country, as there is no regular police : that institution being used only for the purpose of oppressing defenceless citizens. The careless manner with which such occurrences are mentioned by the press may, however, amuse him, and give him some idea of their frequency. I shall, accordingly, translate a paragraph, which appeared in the “ *Eco del Comercio*,” of the 30th July last, whilst I was at Madrid. “ The robbing of the couriers and diligences continues ; that of Andalusia was robbed on the 20th, by no less than fifteen men, mounted on good horses ; but they were robbers of breeding, (*ladrones de garbo*,) for they contented themselves with the money, (*del mal el menos*).” The same paper contained an official notice, that the last courier for Corunna had been intercepted.

During my stay of a fortnight in the capital, I heard of three robberies in the streets. One of them was conducted in a most singular manner. The victim was returning from a party at the French Ambassador's, when he was accosted by several men, and ordered to give up his money ; which, being alone and unarmed, he did : the robbers then handed him a piece of paper, which, without looking at, he put in his pocket. This happened near the foot of the Alcala ; and when he arrived at the top of the street, he was again stopped, and asked whether he had not a piece of paper. He produced the paper he had received at the foot of the street, which was a certificate of his being robbed ; and he was allowed to pass immediately. The Spaniards are certainly *ladrones de garbo*, as the newspaper editor has it ; for they give one the option of either fighting or paying ; whereas an Italian would first shoot you from behind a hedge, and then rob you afterwards.

The most singular instance of the coolness

and intrepidity of the Spanish character I ever heard, occurred not long ago at Seville. My informant was an English traveller who resided in the town at the time. A countryman was proceeding to market with his mule, when he was accosted not far from the town, by a man armed with a musket, who ordered him to give up his property. The peasant replied that he would do no such thing, because he had a knife, and if his opponent's gun missed fire, he would then have the advantage. The robber expostulated, but to no purpose; he at length took deliberate aim at his intended victim, drew the trigger, and his piece missed fire: the peasant instantly attacked and dispatched him with his knife, threw the dead body across his mule, and entered Seville in triumph, carrying as a trophy, the arms of his enemy. This wild species of justice is certainly excusable in a country where no other is to be obtained.

CHAPTER V.

MADRID TO SARAGOSSA.

I NEVER left any town with less regret than I did the Spanish capital. The excessive heat, the dull empty streets, and above all, the barren, sandy appearance of the surrounding country, make it the most disagreeable summer residence that can be conceived.

It seemed, however, that I was destined not to leave any town without some words with the police. On the day that I left Madrid for Saragossa, I called on the superintendent of police, to get my passport signed for France. The man of office measured about four feet in height, although in his own estimation, I believe, he stood higher than any man in Spain; for he

was the most pompous person I had ever the fortune to meet with—the personification of the “insolence of office.” I handed him my passport, having previously had it signed at the French and British embassies; and told him with all due respect, that I was going to France. Without ever looking at it, he threw it amongst a number of others, and told me to return in the evening. I replied that I intended to leave town at two o’clock, and would be obliged to him if he would sign it now. He started up, as if I had sent a bullet through his head; and exclaimed, “This is always the way with you foreigners: you think you can do as you please in Spain. Would you grant such favour to a Spaniard in your country, in preference to a native?” I told him that was a question I could not answer, as there were no passports in my country; and that I, as a stranger, had no means of knowing the regulations of the police. After a good deal of grumbling, he signed the passport; and half an hour afterwards, I was on the road to Saragossa. I cannot account

for the fact, that while the Spaniards in general, are civil and obliging to strangers, I have almost invariably found the men in office, pompous and arrogant.

The journey from Madrid to Saragossa occupies two days and nights. The country, though in generally hilly, is perfectly destitute of beauty. Aragon, indeed, is a poor country, for though it contains some fertile valleys, it is, generally speaking, mountainous and barren. I began now to doubt, seriously, the existence of fine scenery in Spain — excepting always the sky, which is, in summer, invariably bright and cloudless. I remember once asking an acquaintance, who had been in Greece, to tell me honestly, whether there was any thing to see in that country, besides the Parthenon. “Why,” he answered; “the country is poor, and the people the greatest rogues on earth; but then the sea is so beautiful.” Now if the *sea* constitutes the chief beauty of Grecian scenery, so does the *sky* that of Spanish.

The road was reckoned safe, and we had our

full complement of passengers. The first night, after in vain attempting to get a room to myself, by bribery and fair words, I was compelled to sleep in a room with a dozen of others — the thermometer being about eighty. The second night I was more fortunate; the inn was kept by an Italian — Italians seldom refuse money — and I got a room to myself.

Whilst waiting for supper at this place, a French courier arrived, "riding hot haste;" all boots, bags, and dust. He was a merry-looking *garçon*, and seemed to be acquainted with every man, woman, and child about the house; but he would answer no questions about his errand: he called instantly for "another horse," fastened on his bags, lighted his cigar, and galloped off. On arriving at Saragossa, we found that he had brought the news of Fieschi's attempt upon the life of the Citizen King, and was proceeding with them to Madrid.

On approaching Saragossa, I was struck with the number of crosses, which I observed at almost every turn of the road. These are sup-

posed to mark the spot, where some person has met with a violent death ; and as the Aragonese are particularly dexterous in the use of the knife, it is not difficult to account for them. They are of simple construction, consisting of two rough pieces of wood, and seldom above four feet high. Observing one of these rather larger than the common size, I asked a fellow traveller — an intelligent commercial man — if he knew what was the meaning of it : he answered, “ I don’t know,—perhaps a Frenchman.” The French as a nation, are certainly not popular with their neighbours. They are not beloved by ourselves ; they are disliked by the Germans and Italians ; but they are hated by the Spaniards, and not without cause ; for the two most unprincipled aggressions, of modern times, have been made upon their country by France.

We arrived at the ancient capital of Aragon about fifty hours after leaving Madrid. As several convents had been burnt a few days before, and a number of monks killed, I was anxious to know the particulars ; and on the first op-

portunity, I interrogated mine host of the Royal Hotel on the subject. I asked him how many monks were killed; and he at first replied, shrugging his shoulders, "*Nada nada*," (none at all.) I however insisted on his telling me, and he answered, at length, in a tone of ineffable indifference, "*diez y nueve no mas*," (only nineteen.) Of these, five were killed in the month of April, and the remaining fourteen in the beginning of August last. Five convents were destroyed; but owing to the lax administration of the laws, only two men were executed for being concerned in these outrages. Amongst the monks who were killed, there were two novices, under fourteen years of age. The murder of these unfortunate men cannot be justified on any grounds; yet I cannot help thinking that there is more blame attached to the system, than to the people who rise against it.

Saragossa stands on the southern bank of the Ebro, which is there but a muddy, shallow stream of no great breadth, and spanned by an old fashioned bridge. The surrounding country

is flat and bare, though considerably more productive than the environs of Madrid. The town itself is very ancient, and consists, like other ancient towns, of high houses and narrow streets ; but it has altogether a dull deserted appearance. It does not seem to have recovered the effects of the tremendous siege of 1809 ; several of the churches are still in ruins, and most of the houses, towards the outside of the town, bear marks of cannon shot. The wall, which is not above ten feet high, is fairly riddled all round, and they are only now rebuilding the principal entrance of the town, which, of course, suffered ; but the Spaniards like to take things coolly.

The defence of this place was a signal proof of the determined spirit of the Aragonese ; for, with the exception of the paltry wall, which does not deserve the name, the town is entirely open. The only advantage on the side of the inhabitants lay in the narrowness and irregularity of the streets, which rendered artillery of little use,—and in their own matchless courage.

The Aragonese were always celebrated for their attachment to their liberties, which before the despotism of Charles V. were more extensive than those of any of the other kingdoms of Spain. Robertson has remarked that their ancient laws, in some respects, resembled those of Sparta; and in devoted attachment to their country, and hatred of foreign oppression, they have certainly rivalled that state. Even the women and children learned the war-cry,* and long after famine and pestilence had commenced their work, the French, after sending three successive armies upon the devoted town, were compelled to storm street by street, and house by house.

I happened to get into conversation on this subject with a Frenchman, who came with us from Madrid; and he remarked, like a true Frank, incapable of admiring any thing out of his own country, "That the defence of Saragossa was an affair *tout à fait fanatique*!" The

* "Gurra á cuchillo," the war-cry of Palafox and his followers.

fact of the matter is, the French, though generally irresistible as long as fortune is on their side, are too apt to sink under reverses: they make one grand effort, and either gain their object, or fail completely in the attempt. This dazzling species of courage—the effect of their love of glory, and their abundance of animal spirits—is extremely apt to give way to despondency, as their conduct in retreats has generally shown. But they are strangers to that higher order of courage which rises with difficulties, and which hardships and danger only render more obstinate: they, therefore, term that fanaticism in others which they themselves comprehend not, and of which, perhaps, they are incapable. If that spirit which impels men to submit to death in preference to foreign tyranny is fanaticism, it is certainly the most enviable species of it.

The only *lion* of Saragossa is the cathedral, the interior of which was finished not long ago. The altar-piece is very handsome; it is tastefully ornamented with valuable stones, and fine

marbles, and the pillars which support the cupola are of beautiful workmanship. This cathedral was once famous for possessing some remarkable oil which performed miracles. The following one is well authenticated: a man had by some misfortune lost his leg, but by continually applying the holy oil to the stump, it grew again, and he afterwards kept the door of the cathedral for many years. This man, with his two sound legs, was shown to Cardinal de Retz, on his flight from France, and the truth of the miracle vouched, not only by the man himself, but by all the canons of the church. I do not know whether any of this valuable oil is still extant, if so, a present of it would be extremely serviceable to the *factions* in the north.

As all the convents had been shut, owing to the disturbances, and the monks having, for the most part, taken refuge with their friends, there were none, at least in their uniform, to be seen in the streets,—a strange contrast with Valencia, where they used to appear every evening in

swarms. The example of the Aragonese in shutting the convents, as the reader already knows, was immediately followed by Barcelona, and all the other chief towns, so that the people of Saragossa deserved the credit of having rid Spain of these useless establishments. Every one must regret the excesses committed on these occasions, yet they are not so great as might have been expected, from the exasperated state of the people. The greatest number of victims fell at Barcelona—probably fifty; five or six were killed at Valencia; but at Cadiz, Badajoz, and many other towns, no blood was shed; the convents were shut up, and the monks allowed to depart peaceably. I should think the whole number killed was considerably under one hundred. Let us remember too, that these men's lives were of little value either to the world or to their own friends; and let those who are accustomed to revile the lawless proceedings of the multitude remember the countless victims of the Inquisition.

Saragossa still contains about forty-five thou-

sand inhabitants, but it has quite the appearance of a decayed town, and the inn is the worst I met with in Spain, which is saying a great deal : indeed, I should pity any stranger who is compelled to spend two days in the Aragonese capital. Having secured a place in a carriage which was to start for France the next morning, I went early to bed, anticipating a few hours' sound rest, as I had still three days' journey before me. But there is no remedy for those terrible insects which "murder sleep." On that night I really thought that they had assembled by universal consent

"To live one *night* of parting love,"

as they knew I was leaving the country. Sleep fled affrighted from me, and I shall never forget the state in which I heard the "leaden winged hours" pass away one by one. I know of no suffering equal to that of being devoured with vermin : bodily pain the mind may control, but half a dozen fleas set stoicism at defiance.

At two o'clock the *garçon* came into my room with a light, and told me the carriage was ready.

I asked him what he meant by giving me such a bed; but scolding a Spaniard is labour lost, for he never allows himself to be in the wrong. The man coolly pointed to a Frenchman at the other end of the room, who was snoozing away in a most enviable state, and told me that *he* slept well enough; he then added, for my information, that my countrymen were not accustomed to such annoyances, for an Englishman who had lately slept at the inn, had made the same complaint as I had done. If you abuse a cook in Spain for putting garlic in your soup, he will probably tell you that the *estrangeros* don't eat garlic. This answer was once made to me betwixt Valencia and Madrid.

CHAF

SARAGOSSA TO

I FOUND the conveyance
old-fashioned carriage, of
the winds of heaven, and
There were two Frenchmen
myself. After crossing the
bridge, we struck off the road
towards the Pyrenees.

About a mile from the town
of the convents which had
was just sufficient moonlight
to see the

as I ever witnessed. One of the Frenchmen, who had resided ten years in Saragossa, related some of the particulars of the destruction of this building. The greater part of the monks escaped, but several took refuge in the chapel, and fastened the door, which was of great strength; but even that gave way to the enraged populace, who instantly dragged out the helpless victims, and dispatched them with their knives. One of these was a novice, under twelve years of age. These revolting scenes might have been prevented, had the government pursued an honest and straight-forward course, in putting down the convents, and allowing the friars a sufficient sum for their support, which the unanimous voice of the people has now compelled it to do. Indeed, I firmly believe, that all the troubles which have afflicted Spain, since the death of Ferdinand, may be attributed to the timid and vacillating policy of the government. Had Christina,—instead of listening to the Machiavellian humbug of the *juste milieu* men, about allowing the

policy, she would have lost the confidence of the nation might have been the burning of the cathedral, the educated in the priest cannot be expected the subjects, who are as different brother as may be. I heard, the Regent appeared a natured sort of person, very with politics, but trusted minister for the time. I Villiers, the British ambassador distinguished himself by end to the slave trade,—I commend a liberal line of policyment of

creasing popularity, might have proved to the Regent, that in spite of the cant of diplomacy, honesty is the best policy.

As we approached the mountains, the country became bare and barren; and the road,—though, like every thing else in Spain, it was a royal one, for the Spaniards, above all other people, delight in high-sounding names,—almost entirely disappeared. We crossed mountain-streams, scampered across fields, and once fairly stuck in the mud; luckily, the carriage was of no great weight, and we contrived, by all bearing a hand, to get it out.

After being tumbled about in this manner for nearly sixty miles, we arrived about seven in the evening at a wretched village, yclept Ayerbe, at the foot of the mountains, where we were destined to leave our carriage. I may mention, as an instance of the carelessness of the Spaniards in general, and the Aragonese in particular, about money, that the man who drove us this distance,—and a hard day's work it was,—never asked us for any. I inquired for him

before mentioned, that
be imposed upon in Spa
bly found the garçons, c
ome, thankful for whate
conscientious spirit, so c
of the Italians and Swis
my estimation all the pe
one must submit to in tra
After supping—or dining
second meal,—upon a boik
we turned in for the night.
we were roused to pursu
found the mules ready; one
and two muleteers accompan
The Pyrenees differ entire
the latter consisting of a sin

more properly, of a number of different mountain ranges, running parallel with each other, and intersected with valleys and rivers,—the valleys being in general fertile, and the mountains covered with wood. Towards the Aragon side, however, they are bare and rocky, with a few shrubs and stunted pines, scattered about to bear witness to the sterility of the soil.

As we advanced, the vegetation became gradually more luxuriant, the brushwood consisting of hazel, birch, &c., became thicker, and the pines grew tall and straight. Our road was such as no animal except a mule or a muleteer could travel on,—being at once steep, rocky, and gravelly. After six hours' ride, we arrived at what our guides called the first post, a small village, where we were to get fresh mules and breakfast.

The mules were forthcoming, but not so the breakfast; a party of the queen's troops had arrived the day before, and had left little food in the village. They told us at the house, which our muleteers called the Hotel, that they

the only apartment in
sent out to buy, borrow
eggs,—articles which a
in the poorest house in
surprise, she succeeded in
told us, that after trying
went to the cure of the
supplied her, when he had
three hungry strangers at

After making a savoury
materials, we mounted fresh
our journey. It commenced
and continued until we arrived
in the afternoon. The roads
men wickedly termed *le chemin*
as mountain roads generally
about

our ancestors, that it is often nearer to go round the foot of a hill than over the top of it, without taking into account the toil of ascending and descending.

We had a most fatiguing ride; the rain poured in torrents, and though I was fortunate enough to have a waterproof cloak, I could not prevent the wet penetrating my hat and boots. My companions were even worse off, they got wet through everything; for cloak, umbrellas, &c. were no defence against the "pitiless storm." The mules would not stir beyond their accustomed pace, — about three miles an hour, — so that we had abundance of leisure to admire the scenery, and to contemplate nature in her wrathful moods.

After five hours of this interesting work, we descried Jaca from the summit of a high range which it took two hours to climb. The town is situated in a flat valley, surrounded by lofty mountains on all sides; it appeared within half an hour's ride from us; but our muleteer told us that it was still two hours off. If my reader has

Chamouni and Martig
first view of the latter
pearing close at his feet
hours distant. The desc
not so long, is equally

We arrived, at leng
drenched skins and "bott
found the two articles we
a blazing fire and a good
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we had the prospect of
evening.

The situation of Jaca, a
heart of the Pyrenees, is
Whilst the Moors had no

Alfonso I. of Aragon, surnamed for his warlike genius, *El Batallador*, succeeded, at length, in the beginning of the twelfth century, in reconquering Saragossa, which, from that time, became the capital. The streets of Jaca are uncommonly narrow and dirty; its present population cannot exceed a few thousands.

We changed our mules here for the last time; and after crossing the valley in which Jaca is situated, commenced the ascent of the last and highest range of the Pyrenees, which forms the boundary between France and Spain. Our path lay up the banks of a mountain stream, the valley gradually narrowing, and the mountains becoming of a more Alpine appearance as we ascended. About eight o'clock we arrived at Canfranc, the frontier village of Spain, after a fatiguing journey of eighteen hours; but from the badness of the roads, and the laziness of the mules, we travelled in that time little more than fifty miles. I must confess, however, that I was never more fairly tired than on that night; it was the fifth since I left Madrid, and from that

time I had never enjoyed three hours' undisturbed rest.

Canfranc is situated in the gorge of a narrow pass; the mountains, which are rocky and precipitous, rising on each side to the height of several thousand feet; their tops are covered with wood, and afford shelter to the wolves, which are numerous in that neighbourhood. Our host informed us that even bears were occasionally seen, a fact I was not before aware of. There was a small party of soldiers stationed here, and I was rather surprised when their commanding officer came up to me, and addressed me in English, — for the Spaniards are in general bad linguists,—he had been a refugee in England for eight or nine years.

At five next morning we resumed our journey up the glen. The stream, swollen by the rain of the preceding day, came foaming and tumbling down in all its glory; but the weather was now, to all appearance, settled. As we ascended, the precipices on each side approached so close to each other, and the path was so often obstructed

with high fragments of fallen rock, that we had to cross and recross the stream by means of narrow wooden bridges, every few minutes ; the rocks were nearly perpendicular, and their barren sides only displayed a few dwarfish pines, whose sinewy roots and mis-shapen forms appeared to defy the elements.

After two hours of this species of scenery, we emerged from the pass, and found ourselves on the open mountains. The riotous stream had now almost disappeared, and *le chemin royal* was no longer visible. We were now on the broad back of the Pyrenees, which even at this elevation, were covered with verdure ; another hour brought us to the highest point, or water shed, and we commenced the descent towards France. We had not proceeded many hundred yards before our passports were demanded, and strictly examined, by a corporal of the *grande armée*.

The first glimpse of France is beautiful beyond description : you enter a valley, which is at first narrow, and confined by lofty mountains ;

valley is watered by a
stream, whose banks
fields and fruit-trees o
tains on either side rise
five thousand feet, the
wooded or covered with
their summits crowned
pine-scenery must, I believe
or sublime: this valley is
and in that respect it excels
beheld, either in Switzerland

After three hours ride
scenery, we arrived at the foot
a *voiture* awaited us. Our
examined, that is to say, the
portmanteaus, but took our



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valley behind us. On emerging from the mountains we found ourselves in a rich well-wooded country, abounding in vines, and beautifully undulated,—a mighty contrast with the sandy plains and bare hills of Aragon. About eight in the evening we arrived at Oleron, where there is an excellent hotel, — a luxury I had not met with for the last two months.

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On arriving at Bayo
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the intermediate count
San Sebastian --

him; but having met two Spaniards and a Frenchman in the same predicament, we agreed to take a boat from Beholin, a small village on the Bidassoa, and proceeded there accordingly.

We found that the day before there had been some fighting here betwixt the Carlists and the French troops, of which there were two companies in the village. The cause of the *misunderstanding* was this: a party of Urbanos having been worsted by the Carlists, retreated across the bridge at Beholin, and took refuge on the French side. The Carlists fired after them; for, as a sportsman sometimes cannot resist taking a shot at a covey of partridges alighting on his neighbour's turnips, so neither could the factious resist the temptation of inflicting dishonourable wounds on their flying enemies. The French very justly deemed this a violation of their territory, and returned the fire, killing a Carlist captain and wounding several men. To prevent such occurrences in future, a piece of artillery was planted on the bridge, which com-

river before we go
was told was set
Spanish troops, who
Soult's retreat. It is
Irun, then occupied
this place is kept by
soldier, who served
Wellington. This is
about the Carlist cause
that Carlos was in
reason, that he had suffered
from the factions, not only
held the Pretender. But
way, therefore, Don Carlos
appreciate the best of men
the better part of valour

We soon found a boatman, a fine-looking old man, who spoke French, Spanish, and Basque, all in one breath, who agreed to take us to San Sebastian for ten francs each. He fixed the hour of starting at midnight, for the sake of the tide, and that we might be unobserved by the Carlists, who had possession of the opposite bank of the river. As it was now only mid-day there were twelve hours to be disposed of,—a very serious task in our condition. After asking permission from the commandant of the village, the captain of the company, to embark during the night, which he readily gave, we all dispersed, each for the purpose of killing the time after his own manner. I walked several miles into the country, where the inhabitants have some strange customs : they speak the Basque language, a dialect incomprehensible to gods and men; but most of them understand French. I happened to inquire my way of a boy, apparently about twelve years old, who was taking care of some cattle, and found that he spoke both French and Spanish fluently, besides the

language of his country : he had learned these languages, he told me, merely by hearing others speak them, and I could not help envying the young linguist, in thus having attained almost instinctively what it costs others years to acquire.

As there are few roads, and fewer carriages in this country, the ladies have a mode of conveyance which is, I believe, peculiar to it. A pair of panniers is thrown across a mule, and a sort of chair fixed on each ; on these, two fair travellers are placed, (one on each side,) and great care must be taken that they are equally balanced, and that the length of the petticoat corresponds with the symmetry of the ankle. Great judgment is displayed in this latter respect ; long gowns being seldom required, though sometimes "youth and crabbed age" are seen side by side. This practice is also common in the northern province of Spain, particularly in Biscay and Navarre. It is said that, when the Duchess de Berri patronised the watering-places of the Pyrenees, she often took

the opportunity of displaying the graces of her person, *à la Basque*.

At the mouth of the Bidassoa, a *trincadura* was stationed, to prevent the Carlists receiving any reinforcements, or communications by sea ; she kept up a continued fire on the southern bank of the river the whole day ; but the distance was too great to allow us to see what she was firing at. Her opponents, however, had no artillery, as we heard no report, except that of her solitary gun.

After a tiresome afternoon, the hour of embarkation at length arrived, and we got on board. The channel of the river winds very much ; and we had to approach rather near the Carlist side, where there was a large fire blazing on the beach. Our old pilot told us to lie down in the boat, and make no noise ; but he might have saved himself the trouble, for the Spaniards, being accustomed to this sort of work, had stowed themselves away in the bottom of the boat, like pickled anchovies. For my own part, I was not aware that there was

the smallest danger, until we neared the light. We approached it within about forty yards; the old steersman whispering, "Pull away, Jack!" the only English words he knew. The rowers did pull like Jacks, and we went down the river as fast as the receding tide and four good oars could carry us. I kept my eye on the light as we passed, but—

"There flashed no fire, and there hissed no ball;" and I observed no one stirring near it. When we were out of their reach, some one shouted, as loud as he could, "*A'Dios amigos!*" but no body answered. I believe the rascals were asleep on their post. The only risk we ran, in my opinion, was our being mistaken in the dark for one of their enemies' boats.

We were hailed at the mouth of the river by the *trincadura*, whose operations I had been watching in the forenoon: she was armed with a single long brass swivel. One of the Spaniards pleaded our cause, in which he took care to abuse the Carlists most heartily,—a species of oratory in which the Spaniards excel.—We

were of course allowed to "pass on," into the Bay of Biscay. The night was fine, and we had a light breeze from the sea, which promised to carry us in a few hours to our destination: but, after blowing steadily for an hour, it gradually died away; our solitary sail flapped lazily against the mast,—the most dismal of all sounds at sea,—and soon hung motionless. We had, therefore, to take again seriously to the oars; and after five hours' hard pulling, came in sight of the "castled crag" of San Sebastian; its bold irregular outline, and lofty battlements standing in dark relief against the grey morning sky. It was daylight before we landed; and the sentinels at the gates allowed me to pass, without examining either my baggage or passport, — a singular instance of carelessness, in a fortified town, at that time almost in a state of blockade.

San Sebastian is situated on a small tongue of land, which terminates abruptly in a lofty rocky promontory. On this, the citadel is situated, which commands not only the town

below, but the whole surrounding country. Close under cover, as it were, of this rock, the town is built, which is entirely new; the old one having been completely destroyed during the desperate siege it stood during the late war. In consequence of this, the streets are wide, and more regularly built than in any other town I have seen in Spain: but it is small. I do not think it contains ten thousand inhabitants within the walls. The town is defended also on the north side by a river, which is fordable only at low water: through this, the British "forlorn" advanced, to the last bloody, but successful attack: and such was the strength of the walls, and the courage of the besieged, that even that, it is said, would have failed, had not General Graham, by an admirable presence of mind, directed the artillery to fire over the heads of his own men, even while they were in the breach. The wall is now rebuilt; but it is easy to mark the spot where this bold manœuvre was practised.

I was surprised to find, in a town of this description, a better hotel than any I had met with elsewhere in Spain. The day after my arrival I was taken unwell,—the effects of my journey across the Pyrenees,—and was confined to my room for a fortnight. The landlady, who was very attentive, insisted on inflicting a physician upon me. He was a true disciple of the Sangrado school,—bled me twice, till I could not stand; and because I would not submit a third time, put me upon, what he *called* soup, but which *was* hot water, with a few pieces of bread in it; and allowed me to drink lemonade “*ad libitum*.” In vain I told him that I was neither a fish nor a chameleon, that I could not live upon air and water; he only answered, by saying, gravely; “*Cárne ninguno, vino ninguno*.” “The earth hides the blunders of physicians,” says a Spanish proverb; and I believe it might have hid the blunder of mine, had not the girl who attended me brought me occasionally, out of sheer compassion, a cold fowl and a bottle of wine, which, with other little things,

enabled me to triumph over all the arts of medicine.

The fact of the matter is, if you fall sick either in France or Spain, you have a fair chance of your life ; the whole treatment of the former country being *tisane*, and nothing but *tisane* ; and of the latter, leeches, and hot water. Now, in both these cases, nearly the whole business is left to nature ; and if you have a good constitution, and do not allow yourself to be starved or bled too far, there is no danger. But in England, nature has nothing to do with the question ; the whole affair is settled by Act of Parliament ; and men swallow unmeasured quantities of abominations, for the good of trade, and the increase of the revenue.

I had here a proof of the disinterested and hospitable spirit of the Spaniards. Nothing could exceed the attention of the landlady, and of the girl who waited on me ; indeed, I shall never forget their kindness. A Spanish officer who occupied the next room to me, and who had served in nearly the whole Carlist war,

supplied me with books and newspapers, and often amused me with anecdotes of his campaigns. He was a cool reckless youth, and had received wounds in abundance; he one day showed me three on his right arm, and used to prefer sleeping on the floor with his martial cloak around him" to a good bed. I one morning, on going into his room, found him in this position; and on expressing my surprise, he told me he had been so long accustomed to sleep on the hard ground, that he cared nothing for a bed. This circumstance may give the reader some idea of the hardships of a campaign in Navarre.

The Basque language is reckoned one of the most ancient idioms in Europe; the people themselves, imagine it the most ancient in the world. I travelled from Bayonne to St. Jean de Luz, in company with a young Basque priest, who contended that these mountainous provinces were first peopled by a colony of Phenicians, a theory which I could not deny. But my learned friend was not content with deriving

his origin from so ancient a stock ; he maintained that the Phenicians were the oldest people in the world ; that consequently they spoke the oldest language, — the language of Adam ; that the Basque was Phenician, and that, therefore, Adam spoke Basque. As a proof of this, he said that *Ararat*,—which mountain our common ancestor named,—was a Basque word. This singular train of reasoning was brought out by a casual observation of mine, that the Basque was probably of Celtic origin ; a theory which he disdainfully rejected. In other respects, however, he was an intelligent person ; and was acquainted, by means of translations, with a great part of English literature ; but I could not help thinking his judgment singular : he preferred “Young’s Night Thoughts,” or as he termed it, *Les nuits de Young*,—a book, which I cannot suppose any one else ever read through,—to Milton and all other English poets. I asked him if he had read Byron ; but he shook his head, saying, he would not read any of his writings, as he was an atheist. On this point

I took the liberty of differing with him. What appeared to me even more singular than his taste with regard to English authors, was, that although he read Italian, he had never even heard of Dante, the Homer of modern literature.

But the Basques have just reasons to be proud of their country, for it was never conquered. It was indeed over-run by the armies of Augustus ; but the Romans never held any permanent sway over these brave mountaineers ; who afterwards kept at bay both Goths and Moors, and even Charlemagne himself.* In appearance, the inhabitants are more robust, and less polished in their manners than the people farther south ; and they are of course more hardy and capable of standing fatigue. It is their love for their ancient liberties that has converted a great portion of these brave people into tools of Don Carlos and the priests ; for

* In 777, during Charlemagne's retreat from Spain, the Basques fell upon his rear whilst passing the Pyrenees, and completely destroyed it.

the inhabitants of Navarre and Biscay have always been more attached to their privileges than to their princes. It was, indeed, an unpardonable error in the government, not to conciliate these provinces, when they had the means in their power.

There were at San Sebastian, when I was there, about two thousand of the British auxiliary legion, and I confess I was surprised at the progress they had made both in appearance, and in their exercise; considering the short time they had been under training. It struck me, however, that many of the men were too young for the hardships of mountain warfare. What tended most to give them an unmilitary look, were their incipient moustaches; in the cultivation of which they appeared ambitious to emulate the Spaniards. These scanty appendages, were for the most part of white, red, and such unwarlike colours; and were shown off to great disadvantage beside the amply whiskered countenances of the Chapelgorris.

Few Englishmen become, and few require, those paltry foreign ornaments, which, with braided surtouts and brass spurs, are intended to cover the defects of the body, as a "mysterious carriage does those of the mind." John Bull requires none of these things ; for he certainly rejoices in an organ of combativeness, at least as large as that of any of his neighbours. Frenchmen fight for glory, Swiss for pay, Poles for liberty, Germans because they can't help it : but John fights because he likes it ; it is " his humour" to adjust the quarrels of his neighbours ; and in his present attempt I heartily wish him all success.

On the 30th of August, the combined troops in the town, consisting of three British and three Spanish regiments, marched out to attack Ernani, a village about three miles off, occupied by the Carlists. As most absurd reports were made regarding this affair, both by the French and English newspapers, I think it right to give all the information I can on the subject,

collected from eye witnesses on the spot ; for at that time I was myself confined a close prisoner to my room.

The Carlists had concentrated their forces at Ernani, to a much greater number than was anticipated. They amounted to upwards of three thousand ; and had fortified themselves in such a manner, that it was thought advisable, not to attempt to carry their position without artillery. The generals, both British and Spanish, had, I believe, been misled, both as to the number of their opponents, and the strength of their position. The reason of this, in my opinion, was, that the attack had been premeditated for some time, and had been delayed from day to day, in consequence of the bad weather ; which at that time was very rainy and boisterous : and during this interval, the Carlists having, by means of their spies, learned that an attack was meditated, had augmented their numbers accordingly.

The whole day was spent in skirmishing ; during which, the young British troops were

often exposed to the fire of the Carlists, who were behind their intrenchment, and they stood without flinching. One of the regiments, indeed, offered to carry the village with the bayonet, the true weapon of the British soldier, and the officers had considerable difficulty in keeping back their men ; but as they were unprovided with artillery, it was thought proper to retreat. This was effected in good order ; and the Carlists never quitted their position, for the purpose of completing their *victory*, as they, and their friends, have termed this affair. I saw the troops, from my window, returning to their quarters ; they were apparently in good spirits, and playing the “ British Bayoneteers ” with all their might.

The loss fell chiefly upon the Spanish troops. Of these, sixty-three were brought into the hospital of San Sebastian. My informant on this head was my physician, who attended the hospital professionally. The number of British wounded did not exceed twenty ; and their wounds were generally so slight, that during the

week which followed the action, not one of them lost either life or limb. I was in the habit of seeing one of the surgeons every day, who informed me as to this. The total number of killed and missing of Spanish and English did not amount to ten.

It was currently reported at San Sebastian, that the Carlists had lost between twenty and thirty killed, and one hundred and fifty wounded; my *medico* informed me that this was positively known to the factious of the town, who had received the intelligence from their friends; but I had no means of ascertaining this fact.

During the whole of this day,—it was Sunday,—the town was deserted. The whole population, including women and children, followed the troops out of the town, as if they had been going to see a bull-fight. I confess I would have followed their example, had I been able; but I had to content myself with sitting at my window and listening to the flying reports about the streets. I had a view of the gate which leads to Ernani, and which is gene-

rally a thoroughfare ; but on that day it was deserted, except when the wounded men were carried into the town, borne on the shoulders of their comrades ; these were generally surrounded with groups of women and children, many of whom I observed in tears. When the “pride and pomp” of war is torn aside, and it is seen in all its stern realities, it is different, indeed, from what poetry and history have painted it. At the sight of these melancholy groups, who could help remembering —

“ Ah monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of glory would ye fret ;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and man be happy yet.”

The number of killed and wounded in this affair, was exaggerated in the most absurd terms by the French newspapers, as I observed on my journey homewards through France. Happening to go into a café at Bayonne, I took up the newspaper of the day, which stated the number of English and Spaniards killed and wounded, at six hundred, — more than six times the true amount. Numbers of people, chiefly military

men, were discussing the news; and from their countenances and observations, they appeared to be pleased that their ancient enemies had received a check. At Bourdeaux, and other places, the newspapers took an evident delight in dwelling on these affairs, and magnifying the losses of their ancient enemies, which, perhaps helped to console them, for the check they had received a few weeks before at Algiers. The French, as a nation, have always appeared to me to want generosity; they seem to have no sympathy with any people but themselves. Their ambition is of a selfish and monopolizing kind, whose only object is to cover themselves with glory,—no matter at what, or at whose expense. Their principles,—if they can be called such,—have always prevented them, and always will prevent them, being popular with their neighbours. I believe, that if England has to go to war with Russia, she will have to take the bull by the horns herself; for France is too mindful of past victories, and too jealous of our naval supremacy, to fight by our side.

During my stay of more than three weeks in San Sebastian, I am glad to say, I heard of no quarrel or disturbance whatever between the British troops and the natives. Luckily for the former, neither wine nor fruit were cheap, as the whole country was occupied by the Carlists; indeed, the outposts of the Queen's troops did not extend more than half a mile from the town. The surrounding country is woody and mountainous, so that the movements of the enemy were quite unobserved from the town. Latterly, I used to accompany a "Chapelgorry" officer every evening to the furthest outpost, in hopes of getting a glimpse of a *paccioso*, but I cannot say that I had ever that good fortune, although we often observed the smoke arising from their encampments amongst the hills.

These "Chapelgorris" are volunteers of the country, from both sides of the Bidassoa,—for there are numbers of French amongst them. They receive, or ought to receive, a franc per day. Their dress, according to their own taste,

the only distinguishing part of their uniform, being their red caps, whence they derive their name. They are in general, active-looking men, and make excellent light infantry.

When I first went to San Sebastian, I intended to have proceeded along the north coast as far as Galicia; but the weather at this time became very stormy, and moreover, being weak from recent illness, I thought it better to retreat into France. Accordingly, on the 10th of September, I embarked again, and after a short, but stormy passage, arrived at St. Jean de Luz. Thence I proceeded homewards through France.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

MY impressions on entering, and on leaving Spain, were very different. Before arriving at Barcelona, I had just traversed Italy and Sicily, —countries, where priestcraft and tyranny have done their utmost, and where, accordingly, honesty and independence have all but disappeared. Something very similar I expected to find in Spain ; but in this, I was most agreeably disappointed, for, misruled and priest-ridden though they have been, I almost invariably found the people disinterested, honest, and hospitable. With the country, I confess, I was disappointed, both with regard to natural resources, and scenery.

Perhaps I cannot pay a higher compliment to the people, than by saying that I saw fewer beggars in Spain than in any other continental country I have visited,—not excepting France; and considering that the poor are supported merely by voluntary contributions, this circumstance says more perhaps for the independent character of the people, than any thing else that could be said in their favour. Indeed, with all due deference to Mr. O'Connell, I believe the Spanish peasantry to be the finest in Europe. In outward appearance, they certainly are, for amongst them, I have seen more handsome men, than in any other class in Spain.

The Spanish nobility are poor, generally speaking, though a few of them still retain, what would, even in England, be termed large revenues. The richest of them has an income, it is said, of 80,000*l.* per annum.

But the great want in Spain appears to be, that there is no middle class; where, in other countries, society has generally found its most useful members. This arises undoubtedly

from the want of industry and intelligence,—the two elements which in free countries have formed that useful class, whose duty it is to hold the balance between anarchy and despotism. From the want of this wholesome check, the Spaniards are inclined to run into extremes, and ever will be, until the government, by educating the people, and by judicious laws, encouraging industry and commerce, spreads intelligence and wealth over the nation. If it is true that governments make men, and that the destinies of nations are frequently in the hands of individuals,—the present Spanish minister surely holds a station of tremendous responsibility.

Spain, like every other country in Europe, is at present, divided into two great parties, the one wishing to go forward, the other to stand still. The movement party comprises all her wealthiest and most intelligent citizens, many of whom have suffered every thing but death for their principles. Of the other party I can say nothing, from my own observation, as I never heard any one in Spain speak in favour of

Don Carlos, or his cause: but if we may judge of him by his companions,—Moreno, the executioner of Torrijos, and such like men,—we may conclude that they are composed of adventurers who have little besides their lives to lose. The inhabitants of the insurgent provinces have, I believe, been basely misled, and will, I have no doubt, be as basely betrayed, whenever it shall suit the convenience or safety of the Pretender. The rest of the party is composed of all those who are interested in upholding despotism,—the *employés* of the late government, who have lost their places, the monks, the priests, and the priest-ridden. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any man of acknowledged abilities, at present on the Pretender's side.

Such are the men who have vainly attempted to conquer Spain,—I say, to conquer, because I consider, and, I think, every man of sense will agree with me, that as long as a child of Ferdinand's is alive, Carlos has no more title to the throne of Spain than he has to that of Japan. In all probability, however, the war

will be brought to a conclusion in the course of the ensuing summer. Ever since the death of Zumalacarregui, the Carlists appear to have been without a head,—their movements are isolated, and made, seemingly, without a co-operation, or design, and their credit is at the lowest ebb. Meanwhile, the Spanish government has gained all the advantages lost by its opponents,—its credit is rapidly increasing, and its troops are augmented both in numbers and confidence. The British auxiliaries are now perfectly disciplined, and the new levies will be available by the commencement of summer. The united forces will form an army sufficient to subject and occupy the insurgent provinces, and though the Basques may make a vigorous resistance, there can be no doubt as to the result. In the end, Don Carlos will, probably, throw himself, either upon the hospitality of the autocrat of Sardinia, or proceed to Rome, where he may have the pleasure of attending mass with the ex-usurper of Portugal,—a most exemplary observer of all such ceremonies.

The recent excesses committed at Barcelona,

however they are to be regretted, are, but too easily accounted for. The provocation received by the Catalans, on that occasion, was greater than what caused the September massacres, during the French revolution. One hundred and seventy of their fellow citizens had been murdered in a manner that is scarcely credible in modern warfare,* and is it to be wondered at, that men thus exasperated took vengeance on their enemies?

Spain has just awoke from the slumber of three centuries. She finds that, since she sunk into sloth, her mighty possessions have fallen one by one from her grasp,—that her wealth and grandeur are gone, and that from being the first of European nations, she is now the last. Her first desire was for vengeance on her enemies; but that has now subsided into an ardent wish to follow the footsteps of France and England, the only European nations worthy of her

* They were prisoners in a fortress, which Mina was besieging, and were thrown alive over the walls, and dashed to pieces on the rocks below, by the Carlists.

imitation. She has chosen her path, and from that, neither the arts of diplomacy, nor the force of foreign bayonets can now turn her aside. Her path is, indeed, a rugged one, beset with difficulties and danger, and she has yet to learn, that freedom is acquired only by toil and danger, and maintained by industry and courage: but there is a calm determination in the character of her people, and when roused, a contempt of hardships and death, which will carry her unharmed through the storms that threaten her. Let those who wish well to Spain, remember her long continued struggles for independence, both ancient and modern, in which her indomitable spirit ever prevailed: let them remember that she is now determined to be free, and that the first man of modern times has declared—"that for a people to be free, they have only to will it!"

THE END.

1. The first group of authors (e.g., Berman, 1984; Berman & O'Leary, 1985; Berman & O'Leary, 1986; Berman & O'Leary, 1987; Berman & O'Leary, 1988; Berman & O'Leary, 1989; Berman & O'Leary, 1990; Berman & O'Leary, 1991; Berman & O'Leary, 1992; Berman & O'Leary, 1993; Berman & O'Leary, 1994; Berman & O'Leary, 1995; Berman & O'Leary, 1996; Berman & O'Leary, 1997; Berman & O'Leary, 1998; Berman & O'Leary, 1999; Berman & O'Leary, 2000; Berman & O'Leary, 2001; Berman & O'Leary, 2002; Berman & O'Leary, 2003; Berman & O'Leary, 2004; Berman & O'Leary, 2005; Berman & O'Leary, 2006; Berman & O'Leary, 2007; Berman & O'Leary, 2008; Berman & O'Leary, 2009; Berman & O'Leary, 2010; Berman & O'Leary, 2011; Berman & O'Leary, 2012; Berman & O'Leary, 2013; Berman & O'Leary, 2014; Berman & O'Leary, 2015; Berman & O'Leary, 2016; Berman & O'Leary, 2017; Berman & O'Leary, 2018; Berman & O'Leary, 2019; Berman & O'Leary, 2020; Berman & O'Leary, 2021; Berman & O'Leary, 2022; Berman & O'Leary, 2023; Berman & O'Leary, 2024; Berman & O'Leary, 2025) have shown that the use of humor in the workplace can lead to increased job satisfaction and organizational commitment. This is because humor helps to reduce stress and create a more positive work environment. For example, Berman and O'Leary (1984) found that employees who used humor in their interactions with colleagues reported higher levels of job satisfaction and commitment than those who did not. Similarly, Berman and O'Leary (1985) found that humor was positively related to organizational commitment. These findings suggest that humor can be an effective tool for improving workplace morale and productivity.





